MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 12 No. 8 60p

LICENSED TO THRILL: 007's NEW BIRD BARED

DROPPING EVERYTHING:
THE BELLE IN THE CHINA SHOP

STIRLING:
GENESIS OF THE GIANT BOMBERS

HOW TO HANDLE TWO GIRLS AT ONCE

STANLEY'S ASTONISHING STEAM CARS

BINARY BEAUTY:
OUR CUTEST COMPUTER PROGRAMMER

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BALDNESS:
KEEPING YOUR HEAD ABOUT HAIR LOSS:

HOWZAT: WE CATCH A LADY CRICKETER

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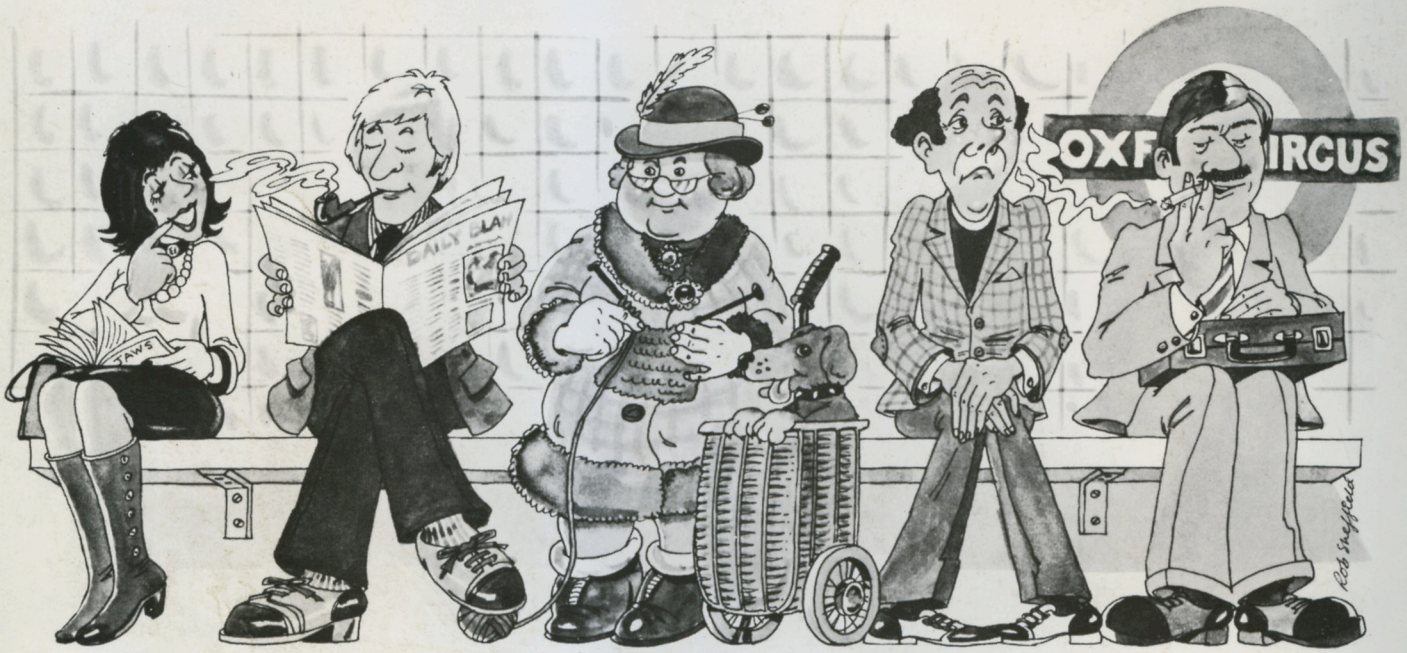
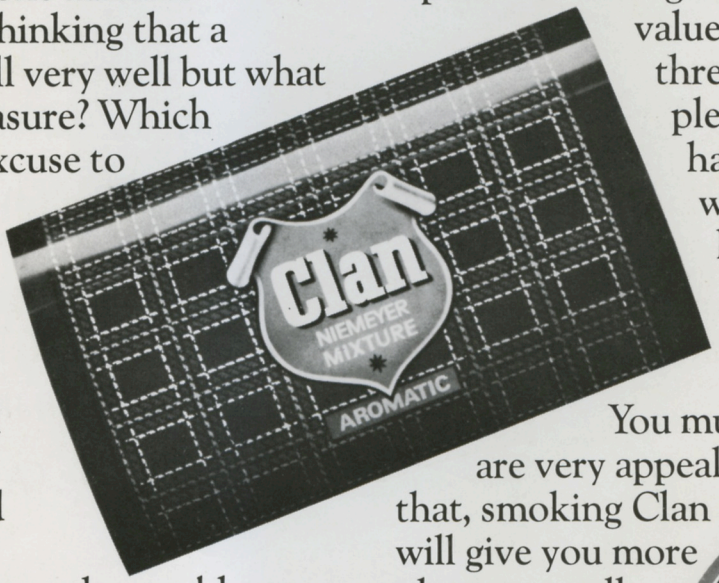
LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE CIRCULATION

No prizes for guessing which has the most appealing aroma.



When it comes to aroma nothing really compares with Clan pipe tobacco. You'll find it has a unique, distinctive aroma which everyone admires.

You might be thinking that a pleasant aroma is all very well but what about smoking pleasure? Which gives us a perfect excuse to tell you the story of Clan's rather special history. It was Theodorus Niemeyer who created the original Clan Mixture back in 1819. He blended eighteen different tobaccos selected from the world over, to produce a Mixture which was exceptionally mild. Today Clan retains the same qualities which produce a light tobacco with a unique flavour. A tobacco that's as popular with experienced pipe smokers as it is with beginners.



And if you want to know how much it's going to cost you, we've got more good news. At around 77p, a pouch of Clan gives you very good value: two, possibly three days smoking pleasure. So you don't have to be a financial wizard to realize how favourably Clan compares with other forms of smoking.

You must agree the facts are very appealing and knowing that, smoking Clan will give you more pleasure–well, you can't lose can you?

Clan® The aroma they'll remember.

Spike Milligan's Pentax

Hold a Pentax for a minute and you'll hold it for a lifetime.

ASAHI PENTAX

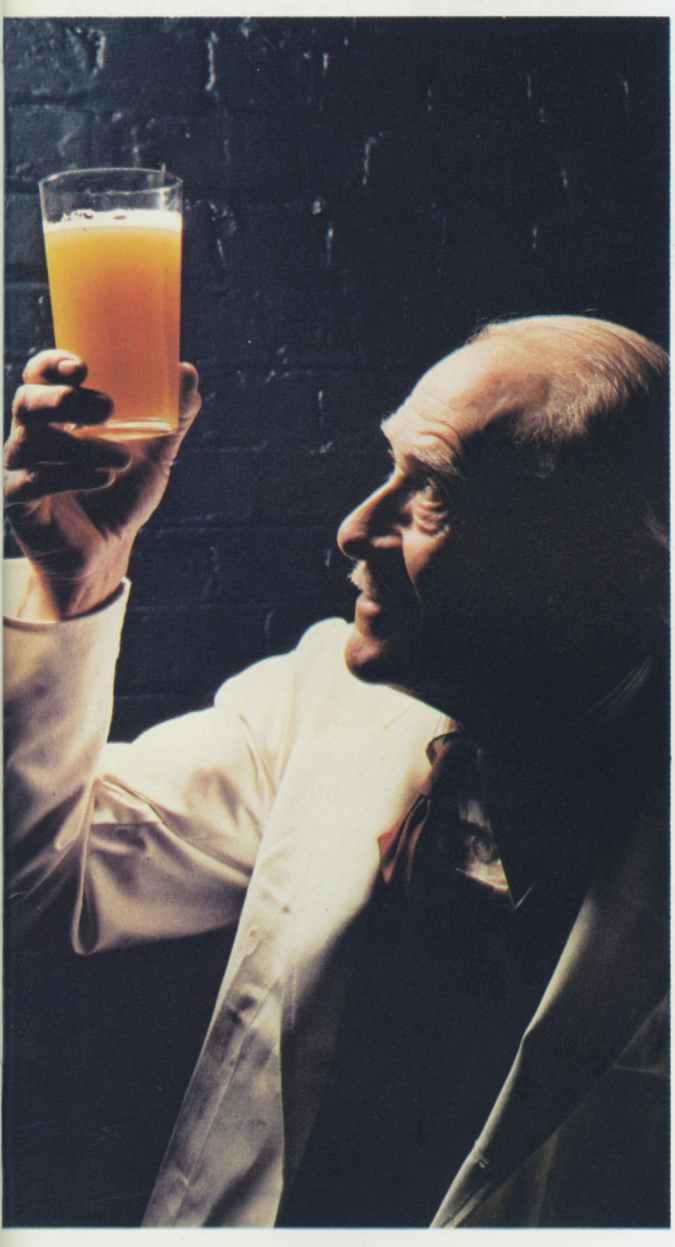
We brew Stella A no object. But the

Every summer we buy the best barley malt.

No matter how much it costs you.

We buy the finest hops, they're a terrible price but we know you wouldn't settle for less.

rtois as if money's n it is your money.



To brew, ferment and mature Stella takes 4 times as long as ordinary beers.

And as you know, time is money.

At the final reckoning Stella's about twice the price of some beers but we're sure you'll agree it's money well spent.

After 250 years it's about time we made a new cigarette.

No one can accuse us of rushing things.

Fribourg and Treyer opened their shop at 34 Haymarket, London as long ago as 1720. Yet only now is a cigarette bearing the Fribourg & Treyer name being introduced throughout the country.

And if we are slow to introduce new products it's because we believe not all developments are for the better.

The quality of goods made by the Partners was established in an age when excellence was the only standard. Our new International cigarette is made to that same standard. That is a real benefit bestowed by the past.

NEW

FRIBOURG & TREYER NUMBER ONE

FILTER DE LUXE

Available from all good tobacconists. Price 63p.*

*Recommended Price at 5th May 1977

FT 1B

MIDDLE TAR

Manufacturer's estimate, February 1977, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

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MAYFAIR

incorporating King

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95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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Rothmans King Size

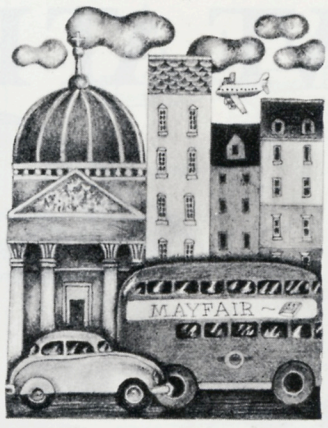
When you know what you want...

the best tobacco money can buy

MIDDLE TAR GROUP As defined in H.M. Government Tables. EVERY PACKET CARRIES A

GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

SCENE



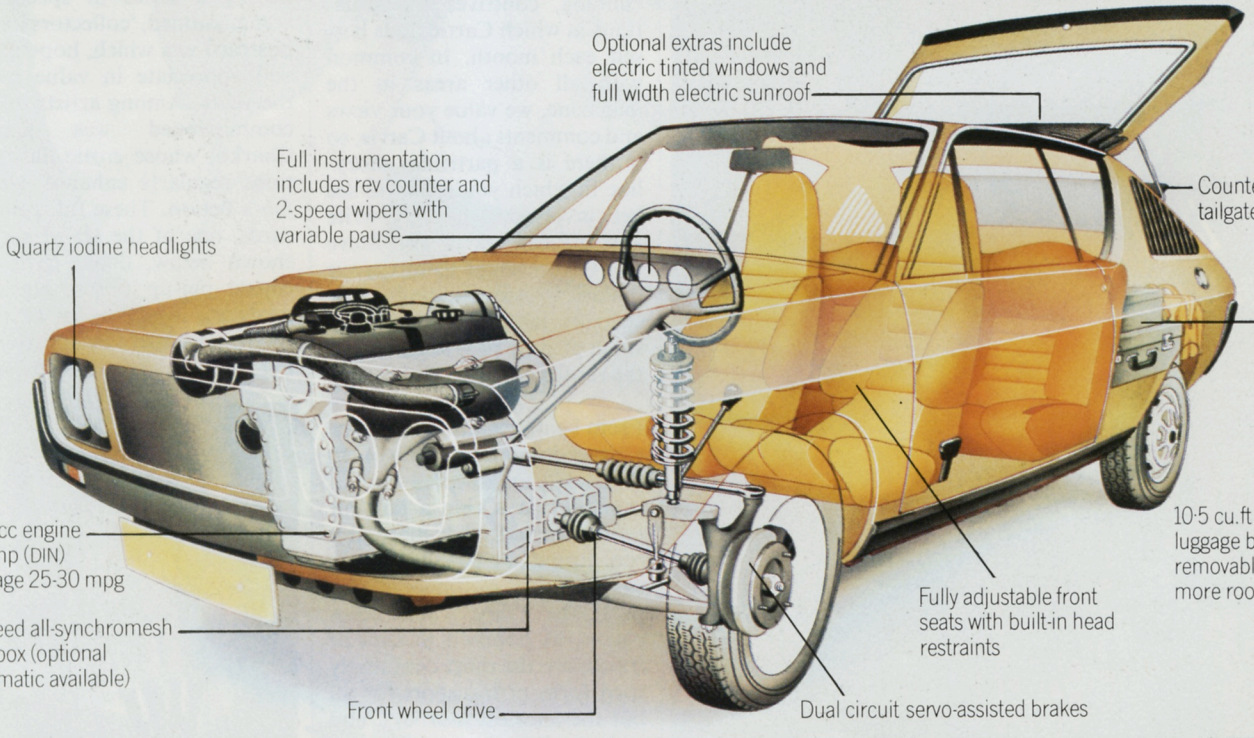
Strike up the band, light the candles on the cake and wish Happy Birthday to Carrie who is five years old this month. Mark you, she's an extremely well-developed and precocious five-year-old, but that's modern youth for you – there's never any telling what they'll be up to next. The lynx-eyed amongst you will have noticed we're now on Carrie 'Mark III', artist Steve Kingston becoming the third illustrator to bring you our stripgirl's erotic adventures. Working with Steve on the strip (no pun intended), is Features Editor David Brenner, who, with devilish cunning, contrives the situations in which Carrie finds herself each month. In common with all other areas in the magazine, we value your views and comments about Carrie, so if there is a particular storyline in which you'd like to see her involved, why not write and tell us? David and Steve will then attempt to turn your fantasies surrounding our stripgirl into fact. Going by some of your past suggestions, the results could be interesting.

From being regarded as maybe a once-in-a-lifetime thrill to as casually an accepted form of transport as taking a bus, air travel has really advanced at a run during the past twenty or so years. An example of this is in the USA, where aeroplanes, as opposed to cars or trains, are the most commonly used form of transport for all but the shortest journeys, and with the introduction of domestic shuttle flights in the UK, the signs are that we're fast following suit. On the surface, the mechanics of air travel seem pretty simple, you pay for a ticket and off you go, but experienced travellers will tell you it's not quite that easy as on any given route there are likely to be a myriad of different fare options. Take a trip from London to New York for example, where there are no fewer than eight different fares. Even travel agents have trouble in working out how to find the lowest fare possible for your own particular needs. Happily though, the recent publication of **A Guide Through The Airfares Jungle To Low Cost Schedule And Charter Flights** (Oceanfield Ltd, 25p) could end all the confusion. Oceanfield, a London-based travel agency have compiled this comprehensive little booklet with a view to helping both the businessman and the holiday traveller get good value for money and the savings, bearing in mind that the dearest cost of a New York return flight is £398 and the cheapest £122, can be enormous. Oceanfield's address is 33 Cranbourn St, WC2.

Like stamps, coins and cigarette cards, picture postcards are often sought-after collectors' items. Bearing this in mind, Patrick and Valerie Monahan, who run the Postcard Collectors Centre in Ludlow, hit upon the idea of producing a series of specially-commissioned, 'collectors item' postcard sets which, hopefully, will appreciate in value over the years. Among artists to be commissioned was Kasia Charko, whose erotic illustrations regularly enhance *Mayfair's* fiction. These full-colour cards, one of the set of six is shown below, depict girls in classic pin-up poses. Kasia's cards are available for £2 per set from Postcard Publications, PO Box 7, Ludlow, Shropshire.

THE OUTSIDE IS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

THE INSIDE IS A LASTING RELATIONSHIP.



To Renault Ltd, PO Box 2, London W3 7NU. Please send me details of the Renault 17TS/15GTL.

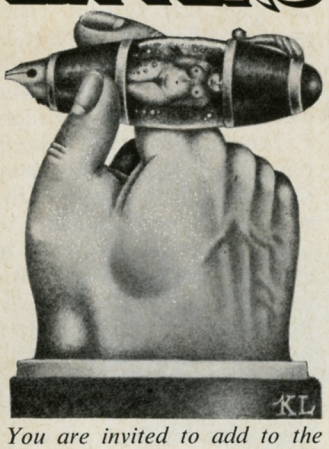
NAME_____ ADDRESS_____ POSTCODE_____ TEL. NO._____

THE RENAULT 17 TS.◊

M/15 – 17/2

The Renault 17TS Price £3948.75 (correct at time of going to press), includes front seat belts, car tax and 8% VAT. Delivery and number plates extra. Ask your Renault dealer for details of the low cost RENAULT INSURANCE PLAN and also the RENAULT LOAN PLAN. Over 375 dealers throughout the U.K. West End Showroom: 77 St. Martins Lane, London, WC2. For Tax-free export facilities write to Renault Ltd., Western Avenue, London W3 0RZ. Renault recommend elf oil

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*
Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

With this letter you will find a ten pound postal order for you to donate to any charity you wish. It is small recompense for the pleasure your first class magazine has brought me over the years. But now on to other matters.
Of all the letters I've read in *Mayfair* none has excited me more than one in Vol 10 No 6 which came from the hard-working nurses who late one night tackled an intruder in their quarters.
Recent Quest articles have dealt with initiations where young boys, just starting work, have been led into a trap and once caught, up to a dozen girls have then forced the boy to the ground, or onto a mattress, and completely overpowered him by sitting on him. Of course, they stripped him of his trousers, got him excited, inserted his penis into a bottle or jar and waited for him to explode – all the time sitting on him until he was completely exhausted.
Surely that is the kind of domination that will turn anyone on – the man lying helpless with the females in complete command, perhaps even laughing and giggling at the same time?
Come on nurses, contact *Mayfair* again. What you did to that intruder, you can do for me. The thought of you, in various stages of undress piling on top of that fellow – hefty girls too, especially that ward sister who weighed twelve stone and who was dressed in blouse and bloomers – is very on-turning. I say it's female power at its best. Little wonder that afterwards some of you admitted to being sexually excited.
So I say again nurses you can certainly have a sit-in with me. I am sending ten pounds to *Mayfair* to donate to a charity and will send twenty pounds if you girls will sit-in.
Name and address withheld

We were delighted that you hold Mayfair *in such high esteem and thank you for your donation which we have forwarded to the Samaritans.*

I'd like to express a girl's opinion on the letter from Mr N W O on the subject of spanking (Vol 12 No 5). I like most of his rules. I think he must be an excellent ruler. There is one point, however, which I don't like. His rule number five recommends a light thin cane, three to three and a half feet in length. Such a cane is a terrible instrument. In particular, if applied with vigour (rule seven). Besides, it causes swollen streaks. If the victim is a girl I recommend the open hand. It smarts sufficiently, I assure you Mr O. And think of the more intimate personal contact.
Why is it so difficult for spanking-loving men to understand that it is the humiliation in the situation more than the pain, which makes the girl 'soft' and ready to surrender.
One final point. If you use the open hand the right way you can enjoy the situation during a longer time. I cannot understand the British talk of 'six of the best'. Why six? Why not sixty? Half an hour? Use your imagination. Be observant about how the girl reacts. Vary. I have been spanked by an artist. I hated him for the first five minutes but he won. Indeed he did. So please, Mr N W O, change your rules, especially if you happen to get me on your knees.
Ms A A, Trollhattan, Sweden

My chances of getting some extra-maritals were about the same as my chances of winning next year's Derby with Terry Biddlecombe on my back un-

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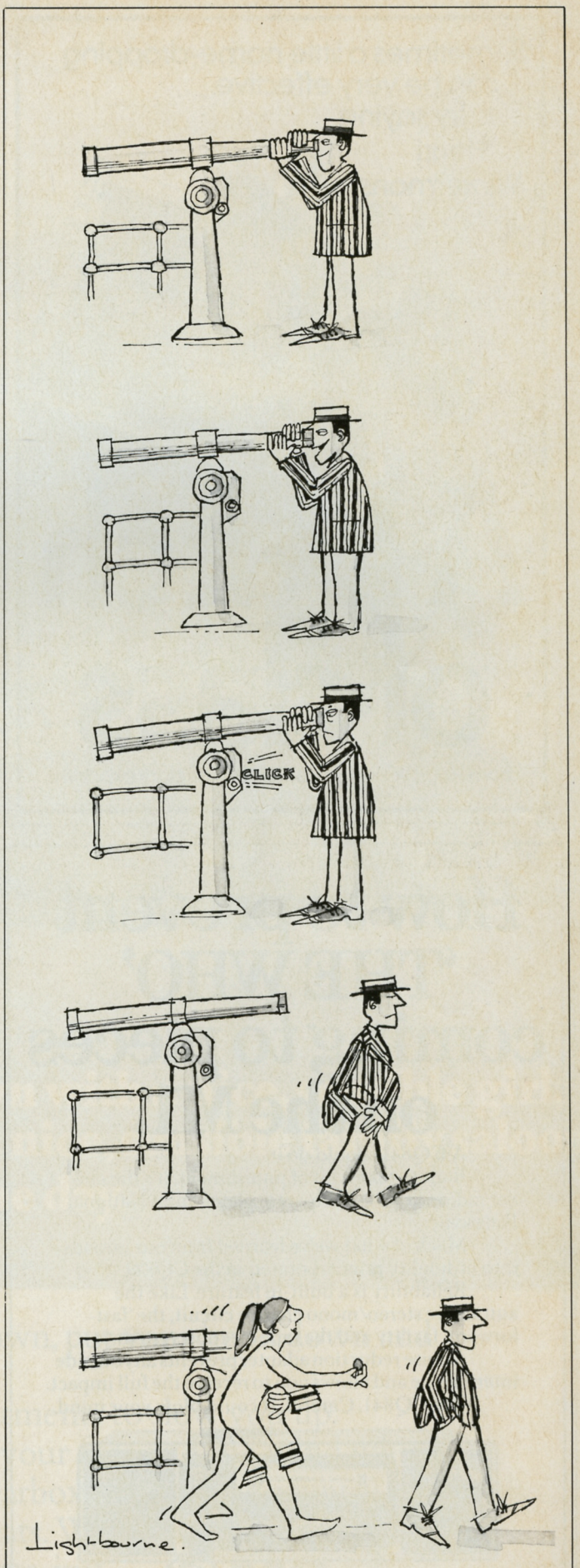


Sometimes a little name-dropping can be very effective.
Try saying "Henri Wintermans."

A Dutch of class

from Henri Wintermans, world's No.1 cigar exporter.

How to prevent 'THE WHO' coming to pieces on the M1.

A CQ841 should do it.

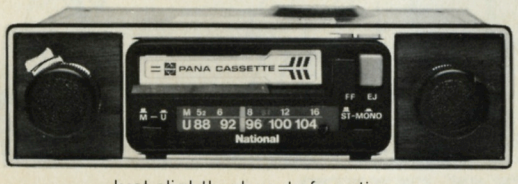
Built to take a lot of punishment, it's the new car radio with stereo cassette player from National Panasonic.

Much of what we've learned from our inroads into hi-fidelity is incorporated in the CQ841.

Reliability is a built-in feature. Like the automatic stereo/mono change circuit, the 'fast-forward' facility and the tape ejection system.

A noise reduction adapter prevents any outside interference and allows you to receive the full impact.

The CQ841. Careful. It could blow your mind.



Just slightly ahead of our time.

National Panasonic

National Panasonic (UK) Ltd., 107/109 Whitby Road, Slough, Berkshire SL1 3DR. Telephone: Slough 34522.

LETTERS

continued from page 11

til Shirley came along. She was the girl in the office who made Monday morning feel like Friday afternoon.

Of course there was a snag. Returning from a sweaty bout of turbulent lust north of the Harrow Road late one night, I did not smell of dust and old books, but of Shirley's subtle perfume and cheap Beaujolais. Of course, my wife noticed, and I was up to my balls in broken glass, because I'd told her I was working late on micro-filming the archives, and while the smell of decaying paper would have substantiated my story, the whiff of Avon did not. This was the consequence of entering into an affair with more enthusiasm than experience, and on the next occasion, I was tempted to ask Shirley to stick a mouldy ledger in each ear or something.

As it was, waiting for the nine fifty at Victoria, one of those eucalyptus lozenges that look like paving slabs probably dealt with the second hand bouquet of St Emilion I was imparting to the empty platform so the only problem was the whiff of scent Shirley had imparted to me.

A young lady joined me in the compartment as the train left Bromley South. Not unattractive, I thought, as I watched her struggling with a heavy case and the luggage rack, before chivalry got the better of me and I put the former on the latter for her, and asked her where she was going.

'Dover?' I said, 'I know it very well. I've paced the battlements of its incomparable castle, been shat on by pigeons in its unique Roman lighthouse, and eaten its inimitable soles. I live in Sittingbourne.'

She replied enthusiastically that she passed through Sittingbourne regularly on her way to Dover, and I began to contemplate the journey with a fair degree of pleasure.

But while ninety nine percent of me wanted to stay there and find out if she was going to be like the young ladies I'd read about in *Mayfair*, who haul down the blinds, give you a wicked smile and drop their knickers, one per cent of me was gasping for a pee.

'Watch my case a minute,' I said, rising, 'I'm off down the corridor.'

The toilet was in a terrible state. The floor was awash, and the pan was full of other peoples' offerings. Somebody had been sick. It didn't surprise me. It was as much as I could do to stand there long enough. I pressed the little switch thing. There was a whooshing noise, and the contents of the pan was all over me. Head to foot. There was no water in either of the taps. The roller towel would only have made things worse. I did not have a handkerchief.

How long I stood there I don't know, but it couldn't have been far short of forty-five minutes. As the tin voice cried 'Sittingbourne, this is Sittingbourne,' I ran to the compartment, grabbed my case – the girl's startled face a picture to behold – and dashed for the footbridge.

The ticket collector stepped back in alarm, and I began to see the humour in the situation. I ignored the prowling taxis, and walked home, humming. The wife was waiting, nose poised for action. Halfway down the hall she stopped . . .

R W, Sittingbourne, Kent

During four years as a sleeping-car attendant on the Glasgow to London run I've seen a good many strange things. Some funny, some sad and not a few blatantly sexy. One such incident of the latter happened recently. A twin-berth compartment had been booked by a mother and daughter, for argument's sake Mrs X and Miss X. I showed them to their berth when they arrived.

The daughter was about seventeen, incredibly pretty and with a beautiful figure. She was dressed in velvet cord trousers and a loose short fitting smock. I said to my mate 'I wouldn't mind getting into her.' About five minutes before departure Mrs X appeared at the attendants' door and explained that she was not travelling but had booked the other berth to ensure privacy for her daughter. She asked if I could bring Miss X a chocolate drink and pressed a couple of 10p pieces into my hand. Then she left.

Once the train started to move I attended to various duties and then knocked on Miss X's door. She opened it and smiled broadly, a beauty she was. I told her I would be bringing her a chocolate drink shortly.

turn to page 14

Someday you'll settle down with a nice, sensible girl, a nice, sensible house and a nice, sensible family saloon. Some day.

Meantime, let your hair down, put your hood down and push your foot down.

After all, you've no commitments to slow you up.

Meantime, feel the sun on your face and the wind whistling past your ears. Play tunes on the gearbox through the country backroads.

True, there are only two seats. Who needs a charabanc for what you have in mind? Meantime, just have fun. Your MG days don't last forever.

MG
From Leyland Cars. With Supercover.

MG Midget. Top speed 101 mph* 27.9 touring mpg.* Price £2,095.47p, includes car tax, VAT, seat belts, Rostyle sports wheels, crash resistant bumpers, reclining seats with head restraints, twin external mirrors, reversing lights, hazard warning lights, tonneau and full sports car instrumentation. Delivery and Number Plates extra.

*Source: Autocar.

BINDERS, KEEPERS

Do you have trouble keeping your copies of *Mayfair* together? They've been getting bigger, regularly stocked with more pages – all part of our policy of giving readers value for money. But that causes you a problem in that it's a bit of a squeeze getting a full year of *Mayfairs* together. Problem solved, courtesy of our new binder, guaranteed to take a full twelve issues. The binders themselves, in elegant dark green PVC with golden *Mayfair* logo on the spine, make distinguished additions to any study bookshelf. The exclusive binding system enables your *Mayfairs* to be inserted with ease and speed and there are no loose parts or wires or complex loading systems to cause problems. In fact, inserting the latest issue of *Mayfair* is simplicity itself. And, with more binders, as your *Mayfair* collection grows, you'll have within easy reach a veritable encyclopaedia of memorable girls, letters, jokes and stories. And each binder only costs £2.90 inclusive of (p & p).

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M128

LETTERS

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She told me she enjoyed travelling in sleepers even though she found them warm and stuffy. I showed her how to operate the heater control to reduce stuffiness and went off to get the drink. When I returned and let myself in after knocking, she was already sitting up in bed in the upper berth. She had a dressing gown wrapped about her shoulders but undone at the front. The smock-type nightie she had on underneath was of flimsy nylon and her firm full breasts showed through quite clearly. She followed my gaze and hastily pulled the gown together, blushing very prettily.

'I'm sorry,' she said, looking into my face.

'Oh, that's fine,' I winked at her, 'they're very pretty.'

She blushed even redder but I wished her goodnight and went out winking again. Even though I would love to have made a pass it would have been more than my job's worth as there are strict rules about not fooling with the passengers.

About an hour later, just as I was settling down to a coffee and cigarette, the indicator board buzzed – Miss X was calling. 'She's asking for it,' my mate said as I went into the corridor. I knocked on the door but there was no reply so I let myself in as we are supposed to do in such cases, in case there is an emergency. What a sight. The reading lamp was still on, the covers had been kicked off and Miss X was stretched out on one side, her beautifully rounded behind exposed and thrust out, barely covered by the fine and very brief Baby Doll panties. The smock-top had ridden up and one gorgeous tit was completely bare, firm and full with the largest nipple I've ever seen. It was quite fantastic and I got an immediate erection. One arm was thrust up by the buzzer, as though accidentally, but I realised that she was only pretending to be asleep.

'Miss,' I called softly, but she didn't answer. I reached out and gently placed my hand on her bottom cheeks. I began caressing her rear and then reached over and began on her bare tit, enjoying the warm fullness under my hand. The already large nipple stirred to life even more as I fingered it and her breathing became heavier. I continued caressing her breast with one hand and with the other I pulled aside the elastic of her nylon panties and slid first one, then two fingers in, all the way into her wet vagina. She squirmed and made a moaning sound and her eyelids fluttered open and closed. She began to rock and rub herself against my fingers. There was only one thing to do. I got hold of her waist elastic and pulled her panties right off. She had a beautiful thick growth of hair on her mound. I placed both arms under her and more or less carried her down to the lower bunk. By this time all pretence of sleep had gone as I bent over and began embracing and kissing her mouth. She held me very tightly as I lowered my head and went to work on her tits and then on her belly. When I began probing her wet mound with my tongue she became too frantic for me to enjoy it so I stood up and took off my trousers. I took her hand and placed it on my erect penis. At first she pulled away but then took hold of it firmly. I tried to direct her head down to it but she would not have any of that, so instead I opened her thighs wide and got on top of her. She suddenly seemed to realise what she was doing and tried to close her legs but it was too late, I was in, and what with the rocking train and her own randy feelings, she pulled me close and began corresponding to my pumping. She had at least a couple of orgasms before I climaxed. When I went limp and slipped out she reached down and began to fondle me but it was too soon and I couldn't get a stand.

'Was I not very good?' she whispered, sounding a bit disappointed.

'No you were fantastic,' I said honestly, 'just give me a couple of minutes or so.'

She smiled and slid her head down. Taking hold of me again she began sucking and licking. My God it was fantastic. I had never previously screwed more than twice in one night, but that night, as we raced through the dark, we had it off four times, and even though it was all too wonderful to believe, I was quite relieved when finally she fell asleep about an hour before London.

I left her and staggered back to my mate who was also asleep and felt really tired when, an hour later, I had to go to work and prepare for arrival. Before I left the train I went in and saw her. We kissed and petted a bit more. She wouldn't give me her name, address or agree to meet me, saying that I'd have to wait for the next time she travelled on my train. I'm still waiting.
(*Name and address withheld*)

I write to beseech you to publish more pictures of girls in wet-look clothing, not to be confused with the wet clothing pictures you often feature. Perhaps you could even produce an 'April Shower Collection.' Just imagine one of your 38–24–38 lovelies wearing a shiny yellow PVC mac, black gloves, high-heeled knee-length black boots and a patent leather belt, two or three inches wide, pulled very tight around her slender waist. The effect, I'm sure, would be out of this world. And if you discover that your models are unwilling to pose in such garments, which I doubt, then you could always dress up Carrie.
G B, Larkhall, Scotland

We hope you were pleased with Vol 12 No 4 covergirl, Lesley in her black, clinging PVC.

I must compliment you on Lesley's new attire (in Vol 12 No 4). Let us have more boots, preferably leather, going right up models' legs. It turns me on.
R H, Leicester

The last time I wrote to you I was Miss C of Dundee, but by the time that issue arrived I was married – thoroughly.

My family has had a cottage in the country for years, and recently my big brother and his wife, and Bob and I, went up there for a weekend. All went well until Saturday night. We'd taken a big jigsaw to keep our hands busy and, at quarter to ten, after much yawning and protests about how tired he was, brother, and his wife, went to bed. Bob and I exchanged 'Aye, aye' glances and how right we were. Their room was right above us and it's a creaky old worm-ridden cottage and they had an old creaky metal-framed bed. There's a wheezy asthmatic clock in the hall with a bell that can be heard in the next village, and it was as the reverberations of its ten o'clock cacophony were subsiding that

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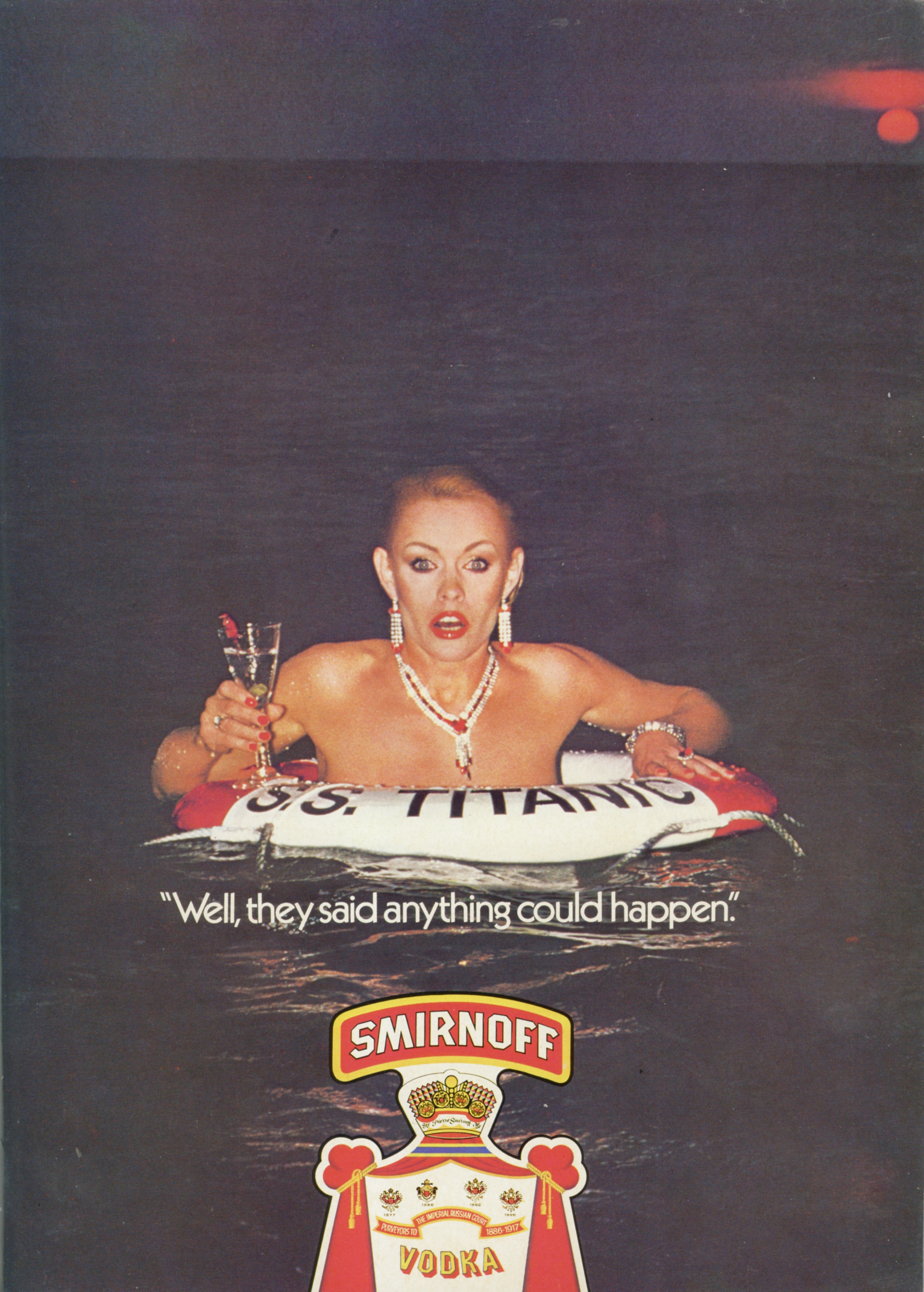
S.S. TITANIC
"Well, they said anything could happen."
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VODKA

Henry was excited enough when his luscious blonde neighbour praised his cucumbers. But was it an erotic dream when he saw her water them by moonlight in the nude?

RAPE of the CUCUMBERS

Fiction by Lewis Onslow

Henry watered his cucumbers until that Friday afternoon when Sadie Greenfield moved into the cottage next door.

It was hot summer. Bees and butterflies bounced around the garden and Henry's cucumber bed next to the south fence bore a profusion of lusty fruit. Here, in the late afternoon, he found Sadie leaning over the fence with a garden hose.

'I'm Sadie Greenfield,' she said, spraying his proud plants. 'Cucumbers fascinate me. I adore them.'

Henry's scalp began to tingle. He felt there was a deeper meaning in Sadie's remark. Sadie was significant. Magnificent.

She was wearing a flaming orange-coloured bikini that clung immodestly to her lush curves and clashed blatantly with her cornflower blue eyes that surveyed him with wide innocence.

'You just moved in today?' mumbled Henry. He felt awkward, foolish in his custom-tailored city suit standing there in the hot sun. Hanging at his sides his fat, manicured fingers were limp and damp.

'Cucumbers,' murmured Sadie, her head

ILLUSTRATION BY WAYNE ANDERSON

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cocked cutely as though listening to a distant voice. 'Cucumbers need copious watering. Two, three times a day if you can spare the time.'

'I water every evening and twice on Sundays,' grinned Henry, gaining confidence.

Sadie aimed the nozzle at a knobbly cucumber making it tremble on the halm. 'You work in London, commute, huh?' nodded Sadie as though she knew. 'You keep a good garden. You and your wife.'

'My wife?' murmured Henry vaguely. 'She's away.'

Sadie swept the hose back to her side of the fence. 'Not to worry,' she said, smile pouting, mocking, enticing. 'While I'm here I'll take good care of your cucumbers.'

Henry's scalp was tingling like mad. Hell! She wasn't talking about cucumbers. His moist brown eyes rolled over Sadie's body excavating her navel, lingering lustfully on golden, finely textured skin.

'I would like to offer you a drink,' said Henry. He thought thirstily of the tall gin and tonic on ice in a frosty glass that sat waiting for him on the bar in his lounge. He thought of Sadie drinking with him.

'Not just now, thank you.' She put down the hose. Walked towards the cottage. A deliberate walk, dimpled bottom bouncing provocatively in its scanty orange cover. Henry felt deflated. Stood irresolutely a moment. Thought of clambering over the fence and following her. A ludicrous idea? But the door closed firmly, he lost his nerve, turned away dejectedly, plodded back across the lawn to the French windows opening to his garden.

He swallowed his drink, refilled the glass with gin and tonic and ice, drank some more. He felt he needed it. He went to the phone and called his friend Joe. Joe was a ballet dancer. Teacher. Middle-aged. Taught girls and boys to prance and pirouette, as Henry put it. Henry stopped by Joe's classes sometimes. To stare at the girls in tights and tutus, to speculate upon the state of their virginity.

Joe had no high regard for Henry. But he enjoyed Henry's hospitality which periodically was manifest in the munificent dispensation of booze. This was to be one of those occasions.

'Hello Joe!' bellowed Henry into the phone. He came straight to the point. 'There's a beautiful bird moved in next door, she's young and golden brown with big boobs and a bouncing bum and so friendly – and she's taken a strong fancy to my cucumbers!'

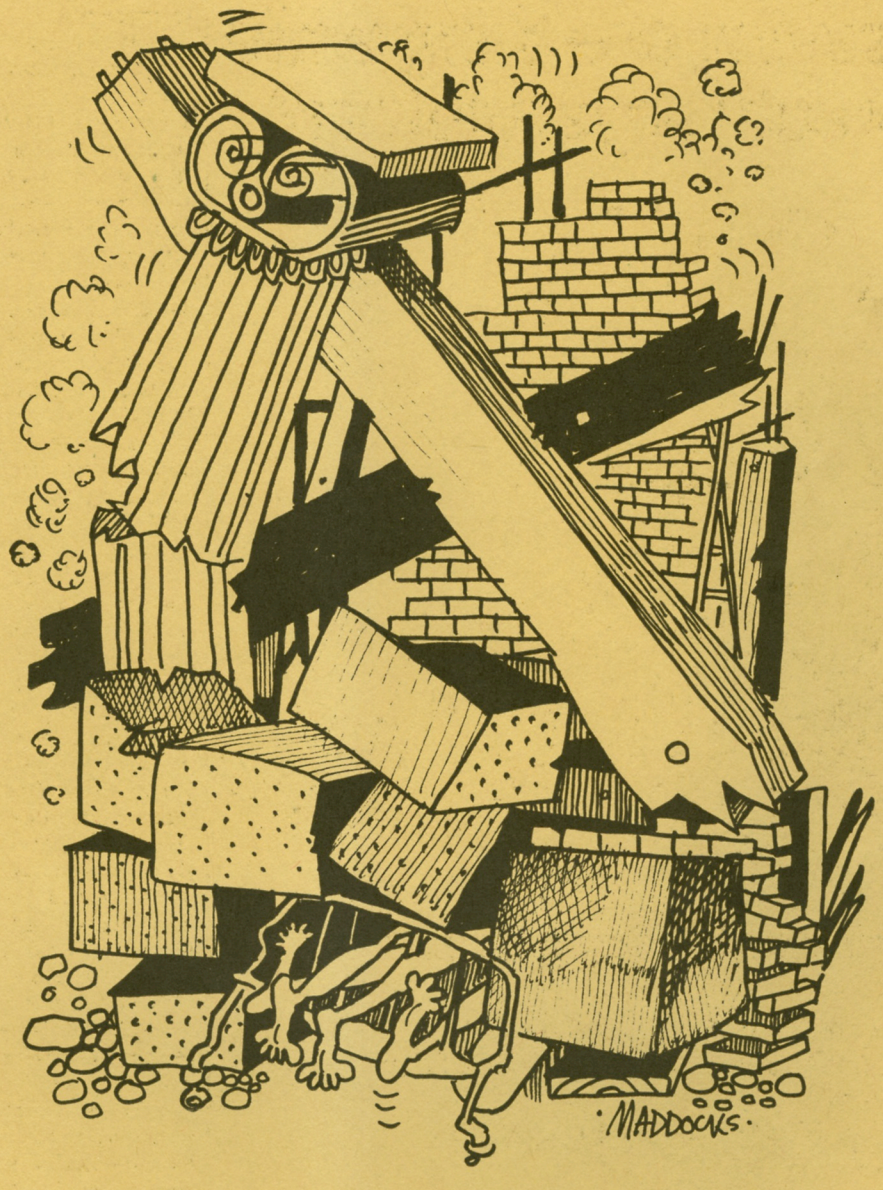
'Hell,' said Joe, 'if you are drunk there's no sense in my coming over.'

'You get over here,' said Henry, 'because a bird of such dimensions with an intriguing penchant for cucumbers has to be discussed in depth. We have to go into the proposition with both brains. There's plenty of booze.'

'I like the latter, I doubt the former . . . but I'll come over and listen to your twaddle,' laughed Joe. 'Have a cold, cold, cold gin and french ready.'

Joe arrived at 7.30 and for three hours they

turn to page 35

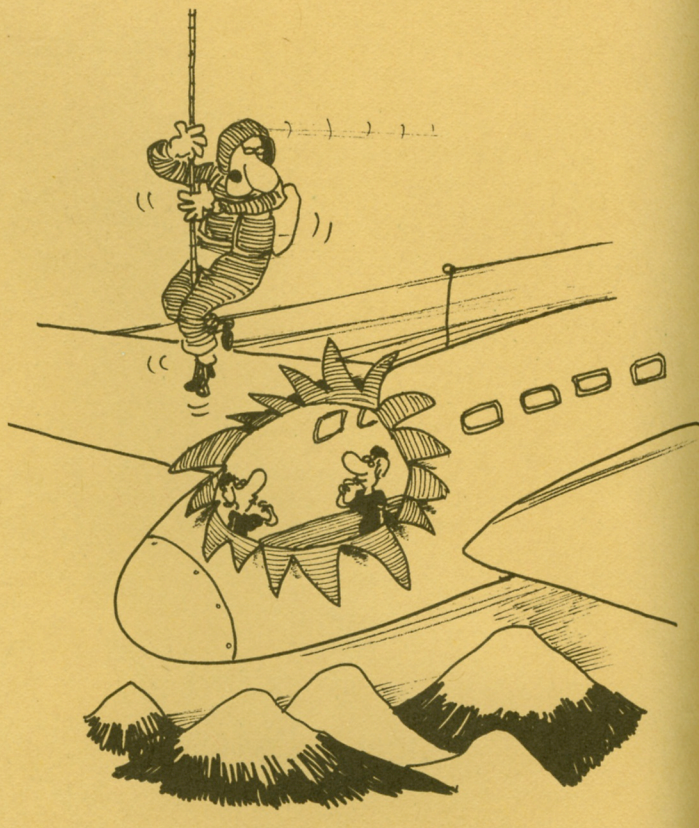


Earthquake
'Oh darling, did the earth move for you too?'

BRINGING THE HOUSE DOWN

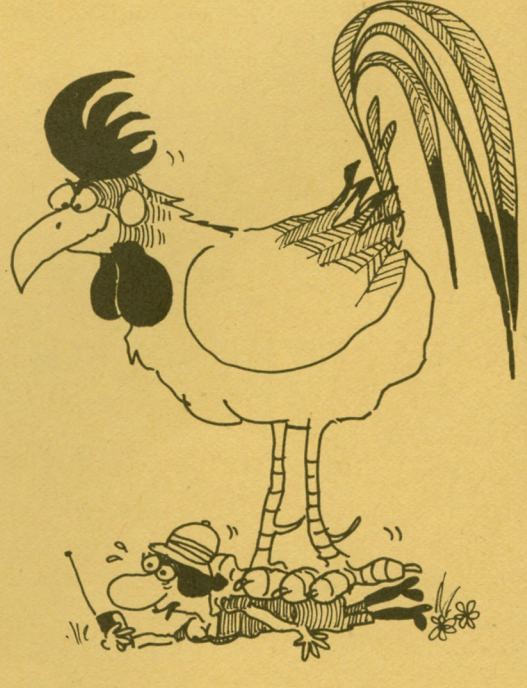
After devastating earthquakes, blazing skyscrapers and overturned liners, Peter Maddocks thinks the disaster movie should get back to basics

King Kong
'Hello Fay – what brings you so far up town?'

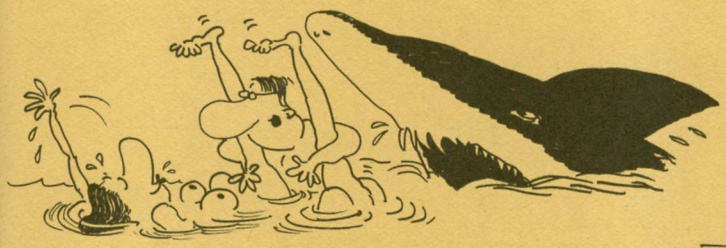


Airport '75
'Get ready girls – I'm coming into your hole!'

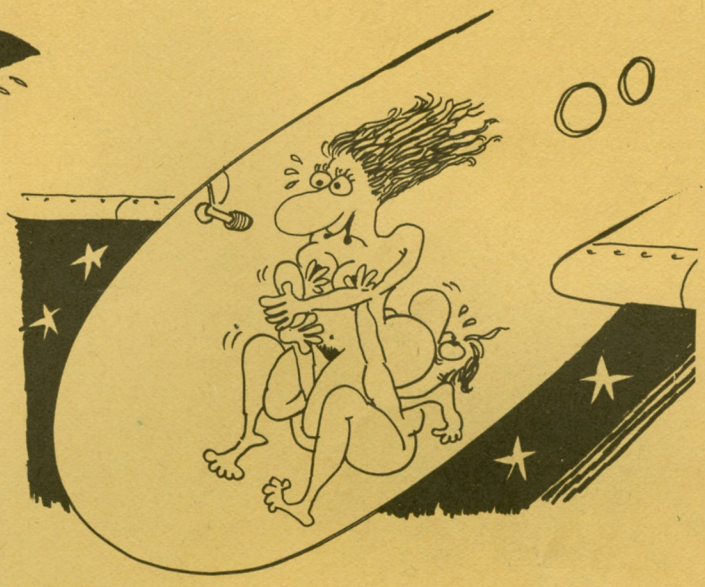
Airport '77
'Oh come on – it's not often we airline pilots get to make it underwater.'



The Food of the Gods
'You heard me right – I said I'm pinned down by this enormous cock . . .!'

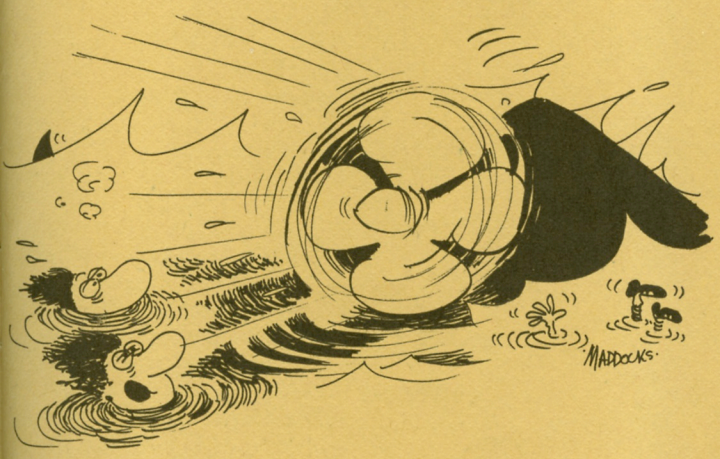


Jaws
'This little trick will make you want to bite my ass off!'



Airport
'It's no good, Chief – we're both completely out of control!

The Towering Inferno
'Great news, darling – the porter says the block is on fire!'



The Poseidon Adventure
'That's the coolest we've been since we left harbour!'

The Beast from 20,000 Fathoms
'Now, bonny lassie – isn't that the biggest thing you've ever seen in your life?'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Women are indeed a phenomenon to chew upon – as which of us gummily does not, from the first pseudo-independent existence! Some, like beautifully-shiny-skinned apples, give men the pip only when we reach their bitter interior core. Others whose exteriors are unpromising enough, prove, like the mango, to be soft and slithery, wet and juicy, lingering and evasive all at once, true mouth-watering pearls of their kind.

Forgive the philosophising, friends, but it was brought to mind by the sexiest female writer of the moment, Erica Jong. She's the American lass who's said to have made lots of loot by liberating her sisters with her fiction. In her first best-seller, *Fear of Flying*, she invented the 'zipless fuck', which is something to do with liquid empathy. I'm not clear whether its fortunate practitioners get orgasmic as a result, whether they get to touch each other, even, or merely go in for regular changes of intimate underwear. But in Miss Jong's new novel, **How To Save Your Life** (Secker & Warburg, £3.90) there's no doubt about the amount of touching that goes on, though. Which brings me back to food.

Imagine, for instance, the heroine of this candid tail's tale preparing dinner for herself, her lover and some soon-to-arrive guests.

'She stood in the kitchen peeling a ripe avocado for the salad, feeling the outside of the slimy green fruit. She had masturbated once, twice, three times, but still she needed him. Only his cock inside her could give her peace. The rest were just spasms.'

So like the cunning woman she is, the lady calls her friend into the kitchen – you know, one of those 'come and help me slice it' calls. Having entrapped him there, committed him to the slippery slicing, she slides her hand under the waistband of his jeans and into his crotch. Then she darts her tongue in and out of his ear repeatedly. (For those readers who can't bear tension, the man is left groping her fleecy mound but nothing more – and has to answer the door to their guests with his teased jeans bulging like a guilty adolescent's.)

If you think I'm exaggerating, pushing the point just a little too hard, hear this: we have here a heroine who positively revels in thinking of herself as *food*.

She has an affair with a psychoanalyst called Jeffrey (he even calls her 'poor pumpkin') who kisses her feet, unzips her dress, then magically massages each separate vertebra of her back, especially the coccyx, and then, she records:

'He buries his head between my legs and begins eating me, a virtuoso performance (while I) lie back being teased and licked and probed and licked again, being made to come and come again until I am weak in the knees and shaking all over. I try to reciprocate, take his cock in my mouth and begin teasing it with my tongue . . .' . . . But he won't let her, on behalf, it seems, of women's lib!

So she wanders across town, exuding satisfied lust until it seems half the men in New York have their own tongues hanging out after her. And our heroine has a lesbian affair, too, with a rich young literary lady called Rosanna. After a splendidly vinous lunch, the girls turn their attention to venery. Our heroine finds it all a much-desired surprise at first. Her female lover has to guide her fingers round her bumpy, wrinkled nipples and small pointed breasts. Then in turn the lady gently nibbles our heroine's clitoris with perfect capped teeth.

Needless to say, she gets eaten, too, and food has quite a role to play when it's time to return the pleasure to Rosanna:

'I pounded away with dildos, Coke bottles, green plastic vibrators from Japan . . . I put cucumbers covered with ribbed condoms in her . . . and bananas covered with French ticklers . . . '

All it appears to no avail. Then, not surprisingly, where food has failed, drink succeeds. One day *les girls* get high on champagne (Dom Perignon, to wash down Swiss cheese and Strasbourg pâté) and take the empty bottle to bed:

'We hugged and kissed, sucked each other's nipples and stroked each other's thighs until finally, finally, after a month of bottles, vibrators and fruit, I had the pleasure of seeing Rosanna reach tumultuous orgasm with the bulging green base of a Dom Perignon bottle protruding from her.'

There's no end to the imagery of food that suffuses this book. When first our heroine meets her avocado-peeling lover, and their one-night stand turns out to be a 15-course meal, she laughs as he slides inside to fill her right up, and thinks to herself:

'He was big and hot and made me think of all-day suckers, candy canes, impossible melting sweetness.'

When they go to an oriental-style party, where all the guests sit and simmer in a great wooden tub of bubbling water, she's the one who describes herself as feeling like dumplings in a vat of chicken soup.

And when at last those lately unwanted dinner guests have come and gone, she feels like food again, wearing her black lacy nightgown that splits up the front and lets her nipples teeter over the top:

'She didn't want to think about fucking or coming or fights or anything, but just of his tongue revolving on the crest of her sex, of the avocado slipperiness . . . She bent to his penis and began teasing it with her tongue, darting her tongue around his balls, around the shaft, touching the skin, then not touching it, then touching again, until she heard him moan, as if she could make his cock speak.

'At first she was on top of him, sliding up and down rhythmically on his cock, while he held her clitoris between two slippery fingers and pushed another finger up her arse. She came the first time with a shuddering that made her scream and bit his shoulder. . .

'He turned her over roughly but tenderly and began fucking her from above. She slowed, she squeezed his cock with her muscles . . . And then they both began to move again, interlocking, and nothing else in the world mattering. She came with a shudder that shook her whole body and released another scream from her . . . and he moaned and began to come, sobbing, shaking, crying, and she felt the base of this penis throbbing as all the filaments flew into her womb.'

Our compliments to the chef?

Ronald Searle's satirical illustration, above, reflecting his own poignant view of Paris, where he has lived for many years, comes from 'Paris! Paris!' (Weidenfeld and Nicolson £4.95) by Irwin Shaw and Searle. Shaw brilliantly captures the atmosphere of Paris life and retells each stage of his affair with that city.

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***♡♡♡♡**Immoral Tales** (London X), 1 hr 43 mins. A 20-year-old youth who uses a stopwatch and tidetables to make his sexual climax – delivered by the active mouth of his beautiful 16-year-old cousin – coincide with high tide on a remote Normandy beach. A pious young teenager, imprisoned for three days by her aunt with only three cucumbers to hand employs them to masturbate furiously over images of God and an imagined lover. A Hungarian countess who populates her castle with hordes of nude girls before slaughtering them to bathe in their blood. And finally Lucrezia Borgia performing endless sexual variations with her father, Pope Alessandro VI, and her brother Cardinal Cesare. Immoral indeed are Polish-born director Walerian Borowczyk's four tales – still denied a nationwide certificate at the time of writing – but highly erotic too. His narrative sense may be miniscule and his technique more than a little sloppy at points, but the loving and detailed attention he gives to both his settings and his actresses are ample compensation, and beautiful to look at.

***♡ **A Bridge Too Far** (A), 2 hrs 55 mins. A brisk, competent and lucid version of the World War Two Arnhem disaster, when Allied paratroopers were dropped miles behind the German lines to secure three strategic Dutch bridges and end the war by the close of 1944. Mercifully the roll call of star names, from Bogarde to Olivier to Redford, does not mean a patchwork of fictionalised episodes. However, despite the grim realism of the battle scenes (10,000 men dropped into Arnhem; 2,000 walked out), the burden of fact restricts director Richard Attenborough's inspiration to the most obvious of anti-war cliches – the fact that total war is less than pleasant is hardly a new thought. But the film does transcend itself in the sheer spectacle of the re-constructed air landings (the largest ever attempted, on film as well as real life); the spirited impersonation of Lieut Gen Brian Horrocks by Edward Fox; and an adjutant's gentle rebuff to an enthusiastic Dutch citizen anxious to bestow her favours as British troops march into Arnhem: 'I'm terribly sorry, madam, I'm perverted.'

♡♡♡ **Age of Innocence (X), 1 hr 43 mins. The high point of this, the first of a series of Anglo-Canadian co-productions, is when the talented Miss Honor Blackman wanders topless, tipsy and at length about her bedroom, proving beyond doubt that the close approach of a certain age does nothing to detract from her sexiness or her very splendid bust. But her talents and those of David Warner, as a lugubrious conscientious objector seeking refuge in a remote Canadian public school in the aftermath of World War One – and subsequently becoming involved with local widow, Miss Blackman, and his headmaster's very desirable daughter (Trudy Young) – are largely wasted in this thin and uninspired tale. The Canadian setting, presumably the justification for the co-production, could just as well have been Bolton or Bournemouth, and might have been a lot more assured if it had.

***♡♡ **Slap Shot** (X), 2 hrs 4 mins. Ice hockey, already the world's most dangerous team sport, reaches the showbiz brutality of *Rollerball* in this tale of a fifth rate American team heading rapidly downhill in a mill town beset by dole queues. In a script using some of the ripest language on screen today (and written by a woman), player-coach Paul Newman finds that gore scores over gamesmanship, and adapts his style accordingly. Satire tips uneasily into outright criticism then retreats to brash enthusiasm – Newman decides to clean up his final game but his ludicrously vicious opponents turn it into a freewheeling brawl. Finally we only remember the often excellent humour – particularly from Yvan Ponton as a deadpan French-Canadian whose quite atrocious English accent hilariously mangles every word he utters.

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NIGHTLIFE

Kenneth Dowd

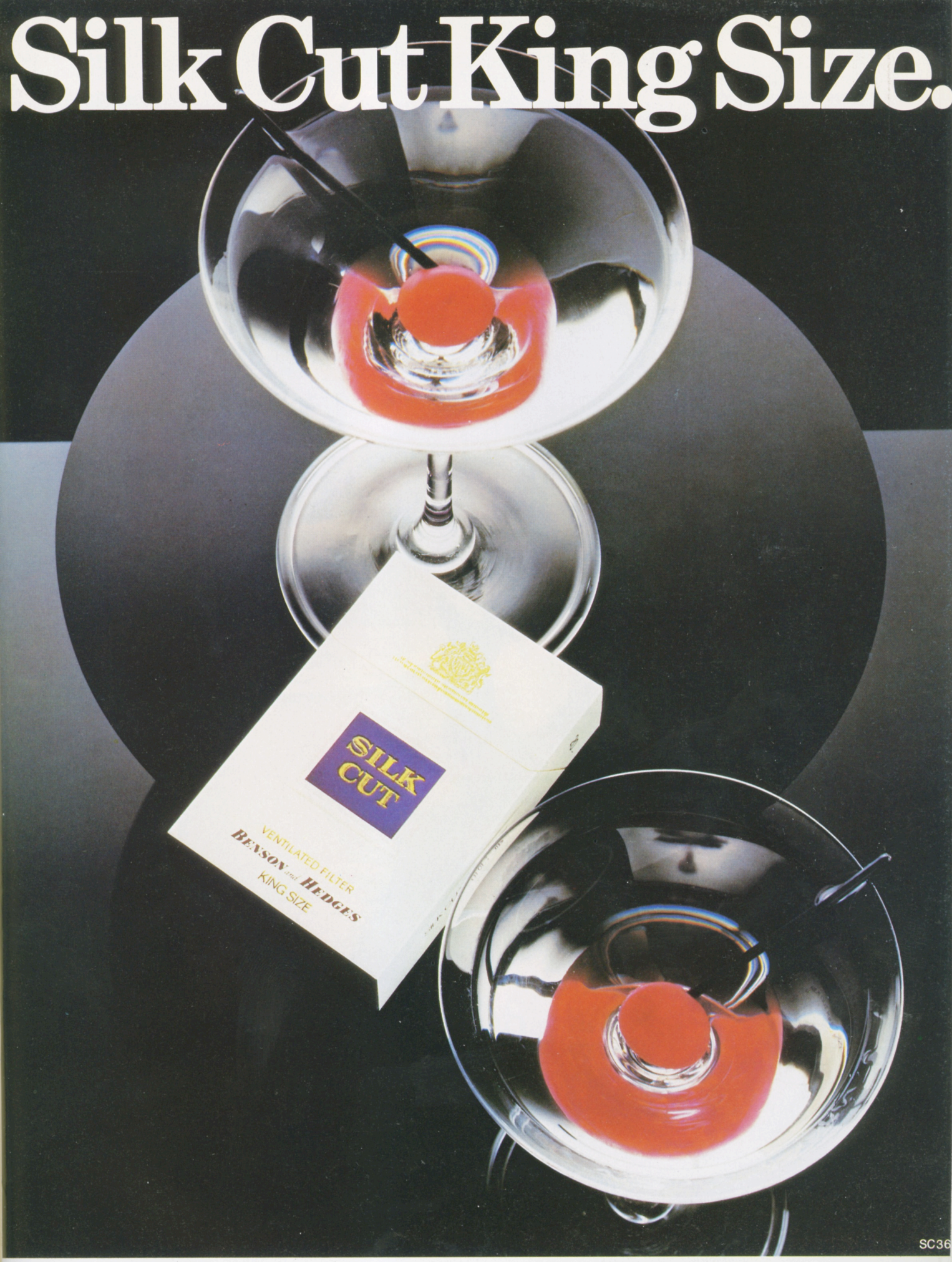
You and I know that jazz – good solid thumping jazz à la New Orleans – has been poorly represented in England for too many years now. And one of the good things that the 1977 Jubilee Celebrations seem to have done is to encourage a whole new trad jazz scene in England.

For years we have all had to rely on **Ronnie's,** where Ronnie Scott and Pete King have presented us with a succession of the greats in jazz. **Ronnie Scott's Club** in Frith Street, Soho, W1, is the leader, and always will be because of Ronnie's connections and capability of inviting artists of the calibre of Oscar Peterson, Ella Fitzgerald, Sarah Vaughan, and Woody Herman and His Orchestra, who are all due to appear in the coming months. But Silver Jubilee Year has suddenly produced Jazz at the Pizza (in Dean Street, W1, that is), Jazz at the Park (Hyde Park Corner, that is) and Jazz at the Airport (Heathrow, that is). In London, jazz has found a new patron in Peter Boizot, who has opened up his basement of his Soho pizza house and has impressed jazz fiends with the quality of his bookings in this small but friendly room. Barney Kessel has been playing great guitar with his Trio, and Bud Freeman has been playing hot tenor sax, and Johnny Hawksworth, who has won more jazz polls for his bass-playing than we care to remember, takes a Trio there regularly. Incidentally, Hawksworth claims that he is just about to be nominated in the Guinness Book of Records, not for his Guinness drinking prowess, but as the most prolific composer, with over 3,000 compositions to his credit. To give you the complete list of artists who appear down in the **Pizza Express Jazz Cellar** at 10 Dean Street, London, W1, would be too lengthy, but suffice to say that Beryl Bryden and her Washboard have been in evidence and the great Lennie Felix and his Trio play there whenever their commitments allow. You don't have to be a member, but it is best to phone first (01: 437-9595) and make enquiries. The room is licensed till 1 am and charges are normally about £3 a head.

The above telephone number should also be used to check on which artists are appearing at the entirely new and very large **Jazz on The Park,** another venue underneath the new 'Pizza on the Park' Restaurant at 11/13 Knightsbridge, London, SW1. The ground floor restaurant has had the benefit of Enzo Appicella's imaginative interior decor and if you are keen on the Thirties you are going to see green and white tiling in profusion, white walls with spot-lighting and plenty of art-deco mirrors, and the food is still basically Pizza Express, but with the usual large selection of pizza dishes enhanced by a selection of very good hamburgers. If you are finding the vagaries of the current economic climate too much for you, remember that you can have a pizza or a hamburger for under £1 and a glass of wine for 40p at the Pizza Express chain of restaurants – and this has got to be good value. The hamburgers are 100% beef and very strict controls are kept to ensure that the standard of meat is the best that they can find. The downstairs jazz room here is enormous, and I was rather surprised to find a duo playing in such a huge room, but this is apparently on the Government's instructions. The current outdated licensing laws impose extensive restrictions where a third musician is employed, but it is, of course, possible for two musicians to back themselves up with a bank of amplifiers and loudspeakers which could produce the volume of a 15-piece orchestra. This new jazz room is located directly below the St Georges' Hospital at Hyde Park Corner, but the soundproofing is such that the patients are unlikely to be disturbed.

If you are flying into London's Heathrow Airport, you won't have to travel any further than **Diamond Lil's Saloon** in the Skyline Hotel, Bath Road, Hayes, (Tel: 01-7592535) on the airport's perimeter, to hear rocking jazz. The Sheffield Bottom Stompers hammer out the Dixieland and country and western music in a replica of a typical Klondike saloon with authentic lighting, and genuine timber which has been shipped directly from Ontario. There are four shows nightly to which, surprisingly, there is no admission charge, but you should be prepared to eat Klondike hindquarter of beef, Lil's golden brown beans and home-fried potatoes, and Aunt Agatha's home-made bread. This is going to cost you £2.60 per head, including Vat, and if you wish to drink Yukon Redeye with it (a Canadian mixture of beer and tomato juice), you are a better man than most. Most prefer to order from the wide selection of beers and house wines, and be entertained by Diamond Lil, a gorgeous, tall, slim, blonde who comperes the room and leads the entertainment. Diamond Lil, who in real life is known as Anne Chivers, has starred in many London late-night restaurant shows from the Talk of the Town to Churchills Club, and is well able to take care of this boisterous room with her bubbling personality and knockout looks.

Silk Cut King Size.



LOW TAR As defined by H.M. Government

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

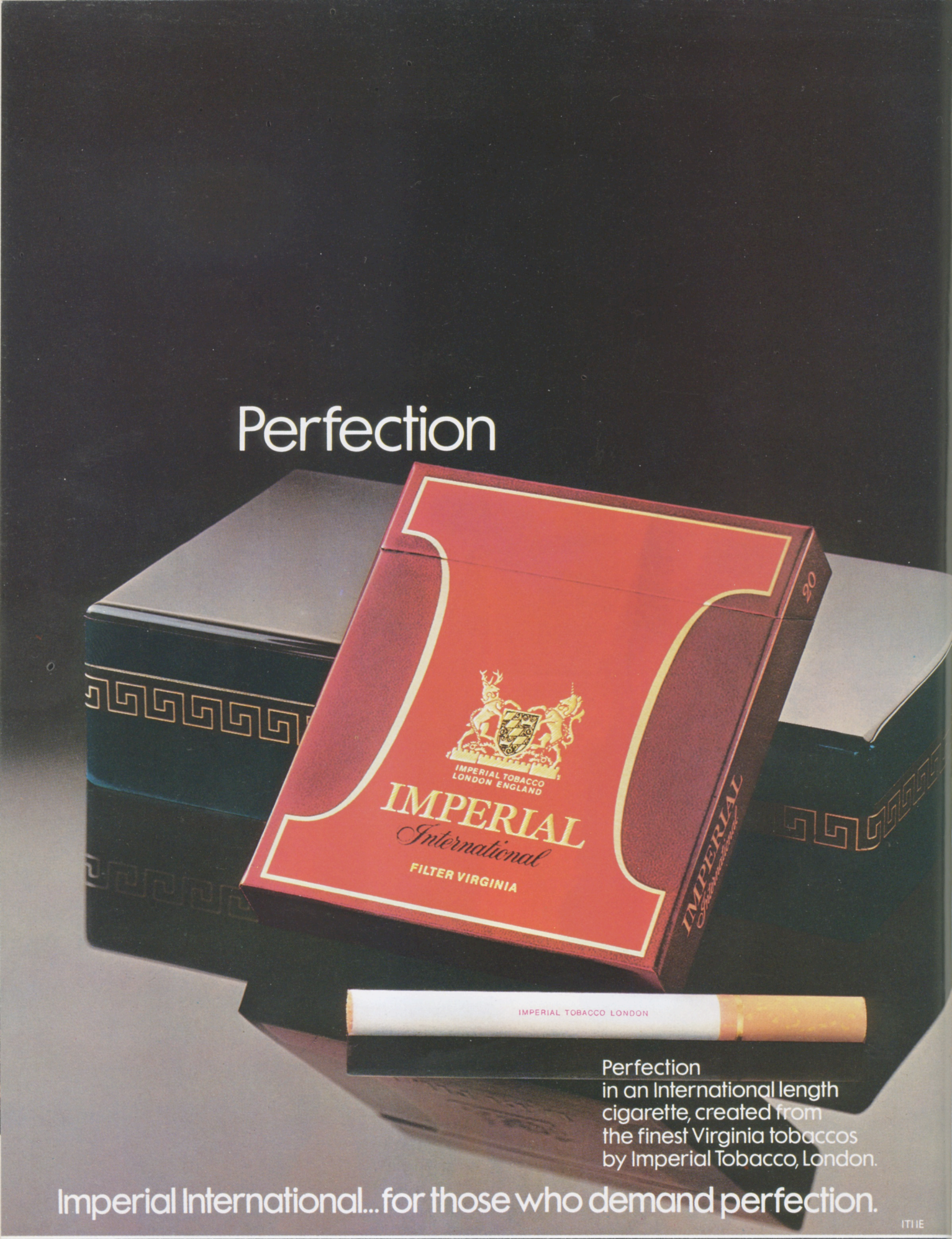
LINDA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If you live up North and are a frequenter of the night-clubs of those parts, you'll be no stranger to the fact that the seaside town of Morecambe is, for reasons that mystify all of us down South, the unfortunate butt of countless jokes. To give you one example: 'A nuclear bomb went off in Morecambe yesterday and caused a quid's-worth of damage.' Depending on what side of Luton you live, you're either now in paroxysms of mirth or re-reading the gag to see if you missed the point. Twenty-one-year-old Linda Quinn, who's a Morecambe-born lass, sniffs with an unmistakable air of disapproval. 'I don't think there's anything in the least bit funny

about Morecambe,' she avers. 'The name doesn't even sound funny. I mean I could see somewhere like Bootle or Eccles sounding funny, but why Morecambe? It's a really lovely area. You've got some smashing places round Morecambe Bay which never get crowded even in the height of summer; the Lake District isn't that far away; and if you're interested in history, there's a church which was founded over a thousand years ago at Heysham. The people here are getting a bit tired of having fun poked at them, I can tell you.' When not striking a blow for the serious citizens of Morecambe Linda's 36–24–36 may be found in Lancaster putting her impeccable list of academic qualifications to good use by researching a planned book upon, would you believe, the sociological impact of motorways upon rural communities. 'In fact,' says Linda, 'it isn't exactly a book, more an extended thesis. A friend of mine is a sociologist and I'm helping him with the spadework, so to speak. Lancaster is pretty rural and there's the M6 near, so it's apparently a good area for a study

along these lines. What I have to do is go out and talk to people whose lives have been changed due to the motorway and try and discover whether these changes have been for the better or the worse. As you can probably imagine, they're sometimes a little reticent, but once they do get talking, their stories can be fascinating. The only snag is that the work is so time-consuming I have very little left for my own social life. By the time I've finished typing out my notes, I'm usually ready for bed.' She grins. 'Alone, or with a good book!'



The tar yield of this brand is designed to be MIDDLE TAR Manufacturer's estimate, March 1977, of group as defined in H.M. Government Tables.

EVERY PACKET CARRIES A GOVERNMENT HEALTH WARNING

Rape of the Cucumbers

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drank gin and talked mostly about Sadie Greenfield. Joe didn't believe in her.

'You come down from London tired from a week's hangover and have a vision,' he said, logic irrefutable, steamrollering Henry. 'You have a vision about Sadie Greenfield and a bunch of cucumbers.'

He emptied his glass, held it out. 'You know why you've got this crazy obsession about cucumbers, Henry? Because they're bigger'n yours, that's why.'

'You wouldn't know my capabilities.' Henry poured more Noilly Prat, more gin over ice cubes. 'You modify the insults or I won't let you even see Sadie.'

'Here's to you, Harry boy,' grinned Joe, drinking, knowing Henry hated to be called Harry boy. Joe's face was red and sweaty. Aggressive. 'Don't you tell all the girls about your cucumbers, Harry boy? Your marrows and your cucumbers. How you pollinate the marrows by taking the male stamen and thrusting it into the virgin female blossom. Don't you love to talk about castrating cucumbers? How you have to rip away the male phallic blossom to prevent the potent, pollen-bearing male sword from impregnating the open female flower?'

Joe gulped his drink. Started to laugh.

'It's damn funny, you think about it,' Joe said. 'If you let the rampant, lusting little stamen in the male flower of a cucumber fertilize the nubile female flowers, what happens? Is there joy, fertility and family planning in the connubial cucumber bed?'

'What happens is, you get bitter cucumbers,' said Henry, seriously. 'If cucumbers are pollinated they get a bitter taste to 'em.'

Joe slid off the sofa, spilling his drink in paroxysms of laughter.

'In other words you castrate the poor bastards,' he yelled triumphantly.

Henry grinned. 'I suppose you could put it that way. Castrated cucumbers,' he murmured succulently.

'Exactly,' went on Joe. 'Castrated cucumbers. Wouldn't you think THAT would make 'em bitter? The male flower castrated, the female frustrated, bearing her baby cues without ever getting laid! Now there's glory for you!'

Henry's stomach shook with muted mirth. 'Joe, you're on to something there. I didn't think you had it in you to dream up such an imaginative theory.'

'I shall write a treatise,' said Joe sombrely, handing Henry his empty glass. Silently, Henry poured more Noilly Prat, more gin over ice cubes. 'For gardeners,' said Joe. 'For marriage counsellors,' said Henry. They regarded one another in mutual drunken admiration.

'But don't let on to Sadie,' said Henry. 'Never,' agreed Joe, 'we wouldn't want Sadie to know the bitterness of sexually satisfied cucumbers.'

When Henry heard the gentle patter of water falling he knew it wasn't rain. The unobtrusive but totally unexpected sound had awakened him. He puzzled about it. He tried to recall the events of the evening. A dull evening. Joe. Joe drunk. Joe drunk

'It's that bloody Indian pedlar again!'

and insulting. He should not invite Joe for drinks, but then drinking alone was a bore. Joe's insults were better than drinking alone. Joe asleep, draped across the sofa his empty glass tucked into his shirt. Joe mumbling: 'If Sadie castrates your cucumbers I'll pollinate her . . .'

His cucumbers! Sadie Greenfield! That was no dream. He listened more intently to the patter of the rain that wasn't rain. Sadie and the cucumbers and the water falling pestered his somnolence. So he climbed out of bed groaning faintly because his eyelids felt rusted up and he staggered to the bedroom window, but from there he could not see his cucumbers. He went into the back bedroom to the windows that overlooked his garden. He shook his head. It was a clear, starry night with a bright moon hanging in the sky bathing lawn and roses and shrubs with a sharp radiance, but Henry's gummy eyeballs swivelled to the south fence where his cucumbers grew. What he saw brought him wide awake and set his scalp tingling like crazy.

Sadie was watering his cucumbers!

Sadie was in his garden watering his cucumbers!

Sadie was in his garden watering his cucumbers with no clothes on!

She was a sylph in the moonlight, a vision of lush young womanhood unashamedly, beautifully naked.

Henry swung away from the window, snatched a dressing gown from his bedroom and headed downstairs at a competitive pace. Joe must see this. Joe the disbeliever. Joe, the scoffer at Sadie Greenfield, the mocker of his cucumbers . . .

Joe was still asleep. Snoring. Henry pounced upon him. No warning. Shaking Joe frantically. Hissing.

'She's there, she's there, she's sluicing my cucumbers!'

It was a turbulent moment while Joe roared and thrashed around like a rabid dog and Henry tried to explain the proximity of a naked girl of Monroeic splendour. Dragging Joe through the French windows

Henry swung across the lawn heading at a full trot towards the cucumber bed, his dressing gown flapping wildly, Joe stumbling blindly, cursing. Henry halted so suddenly that Joe lurched into his back like an off-course space satellite.

'She's not there,' gasped Henry.

'You bloody fool!' Joe sagged in the radiant moonlight exuding fumes of stale gin. 'You bloody fool with your bloody hallucinations!"

But Henry had reeled over to the cucumber bed and plunged pudgy hands amongst the damp leaves like a man drowning.

'They're freshly wet!' he yelled triumphantly.

'You're freshly wet!' Joe seemed for a moment to be about to kneel and pray, but suddenly lifted his shoulders, turned on the nimble toes of a dancer, demi-pointe, and doing pliés, danced around the house down the front drive and headed home.

By Henry's moonlit watch it was 3.30 am. Henry phoned his wife at 10.30 Saturday morning. Caught her before she drove out to join him for the weekend. Caught her in time to tell her the story he had recklessly invented.

His wife was a successful fashion designer and during the week she often stayed at the town flat that they kept for their mutual convenience. In summer Henry rarely stayed in town preferring the pleasures of his garden and the ample luxury of his house which was kept in apple-pie order by a local woman he employed to come in five days a week.

Right now his brain was busy weaving his part-time housekeeper into the story he had dreamed up for his wife.

'The ceiling is leaking, there seems to be a leak in the cistern or a pipe has split or something . . .'

The word split conjured up a vivid vision of the two opposing cheeks of Sadie's naked bottom and Henry's scalp began to tingle and his voice became hoarse.

'Are you alright, Henry?' His wife sounded concerned.

'Perfectly,' he said, shaking his head to expunge the vision of Sadie's bottom. 'It's just that with all the mess here I think you should stay in town this weekend.'

'Then you'll be coming back?'

'As soon as I've arranged for the woman to come in and clean up the mess and a plumber to fix the split, the leak.'

He hung up the phone with a sigh of relief and an exciting sense of anticipation. His scalp was tingling like an electrical storm and he decided that his sexual drive must emanate from the top of his head.

Henry did not have his first drink until two o'clock. Did not visit the local pub as he liked to on a Saturday morning. Hung around the house keeping furtive eyes open for Sadie. Had two ice cold lagers. Forlorn. Regretted telling his wife a load of lies. Had a large gin and tonic with ice. Disposed of the drink quickly, washed away Sadie Greenfield at the same time. A barmy bint he'd better not become involved with. At five o'clock Sadie was watering his cucumbers again.

'I saw you in the moonlight,' said Henry,

walking over, balancing gins and tonic. One for Sadie.
'There are three of us now,' said Sadie accepting the glass, sipping from it.
'Three of you?' Henry was puzzled.
She smiled. Even, gleaming teeth. Tanned face. Beautiful. 'Two of my girlfriends are staying the night.'
'Oh!' Henry's lips enfolded the brim of his glass, engulfed a drink. A swallow. A small meditation. He said: 'Do they like cucumbers?'
'They're mad about cucumbers,' Sadie said.
Her head was cocked again. Listening to that distant voice. 'Crazy about them. But so far they haven't seen yours.'
Drops of perspiration rolled down beside Henry's ears. His scalp was working up a magnetic storm.
'We must show them my cucumbers,' he said, 'we must surely show them.'
'Oh, yes.' Sadie swung the hose back to her side of the fence. Handed Henry her empty glass. Walked over to turn off the tap, facing Henry she went down this time so that he could see the fine golden pubic hairs peeping above the orange bikini.
Before she could disappear indoors, he said: 'Would you like another drink?'
'I would so,' Sadie smiled. A warm, embracing smile. 'Why not mix four? We can all have one.'
'Four?' muttered Henry.
'Two for my friends,' said Sadie, shaking her head as though Henry were sadly stupid, 'and one for you and one for me.'
When Henry returned with a tray of drinks the three girls were standing at the fence admiring his cucumbers. Henry handed over gins and tonic. Sadie said: 'This is Suzanne, this is Samantha.'
Henry grinned foolishly. 'Three esses,' he said, 'Sadie, Suzanne and Samantha. Sibilant and sexy sounding.'
'Sexy, sibilant sybarites,' said Samantha, sipping her drink. 'We pursue pleasure.'
Henry's eyes were pursuing pleasure, greedily feeding on firm, golden flesh scantily clad in three bikinis. Samantha was petite. Raven hair. Green eyes. Laughing at him.
Suzanne, tall, blonde, cool-looking, raised her glass. 'To you, Henry,' she said. 'Let your cucumbers procreate and may your marrows be magnificent.'
Sybarites. Pleasure seeking.
'You are welcome to any pleasures that I can provide,' said Henry. He waved his arms expansively, spilling some drink. You may have any vegetables in my garden that you fancy.'
Sadie smiled. 'A cucumber is a fruit,' she said.
'A fruit of the vine,' nodded Henry. 'A fruit is the ripened ovary of a flower,' he added relishing the words.
'You're a smartie, Henry,' said Samantha. Laughing eyes.
'A pleasure to know you,' said Suzanne. Something familiar about her. A model, maybe. Much photographed.
'Let's have a party,' said Henry. 'Right here in my house. Tonight.'
'What an exquisite idea!' Sadie's lips were pouted, kissing Henry through six feet of sunlit summer air.
Henry's scalp tingled. He wasn't planning this. The situation was planning itself.
'Let's have another drink,' he said.
'No,' said Sadie. 'Save it for tonight.'
'We'll have an orgy,' said Suzanne.
'What sort of an orgy?' gasped Henry.
Suzanne looked into his lusting eyes. 'A sex orgy.' she whispered. 'What time will we start?'
'Be over at eight o'clock,' said Henry. 'I'll have everything organised. Food and booze and a pal of mine.'
'I said I'd take care of your cucumbers, didn't I?' smiled Sadie.
'And your marrows,' giggled Samantha.
'At eight o'clock, then,' said Henry and he reeled across his lawn in an ecstasy of electrical anticipation.
Joe's reaction to Henry's announcement that he had organised a sex orgy with three beautiful girls was explosive derision.
'You're off your rocker, Henry,' he said when Henry bellowed over the phone his plans for the evening with Sadie, Suzanne and Samantha. 'You've been out in the sun and some of your marbles have melted.'
'There's only an hour to go,' yelled Henry, 'and they'll be here. I have cold chicken and ham and tongue and potato salad and spinach salad with crispy bacon and hard-boiled eggs and champagne on ice and hock getting cold and Scotch and gin and vodka and a bucketful of ice and who the hell do you think it's all for?'

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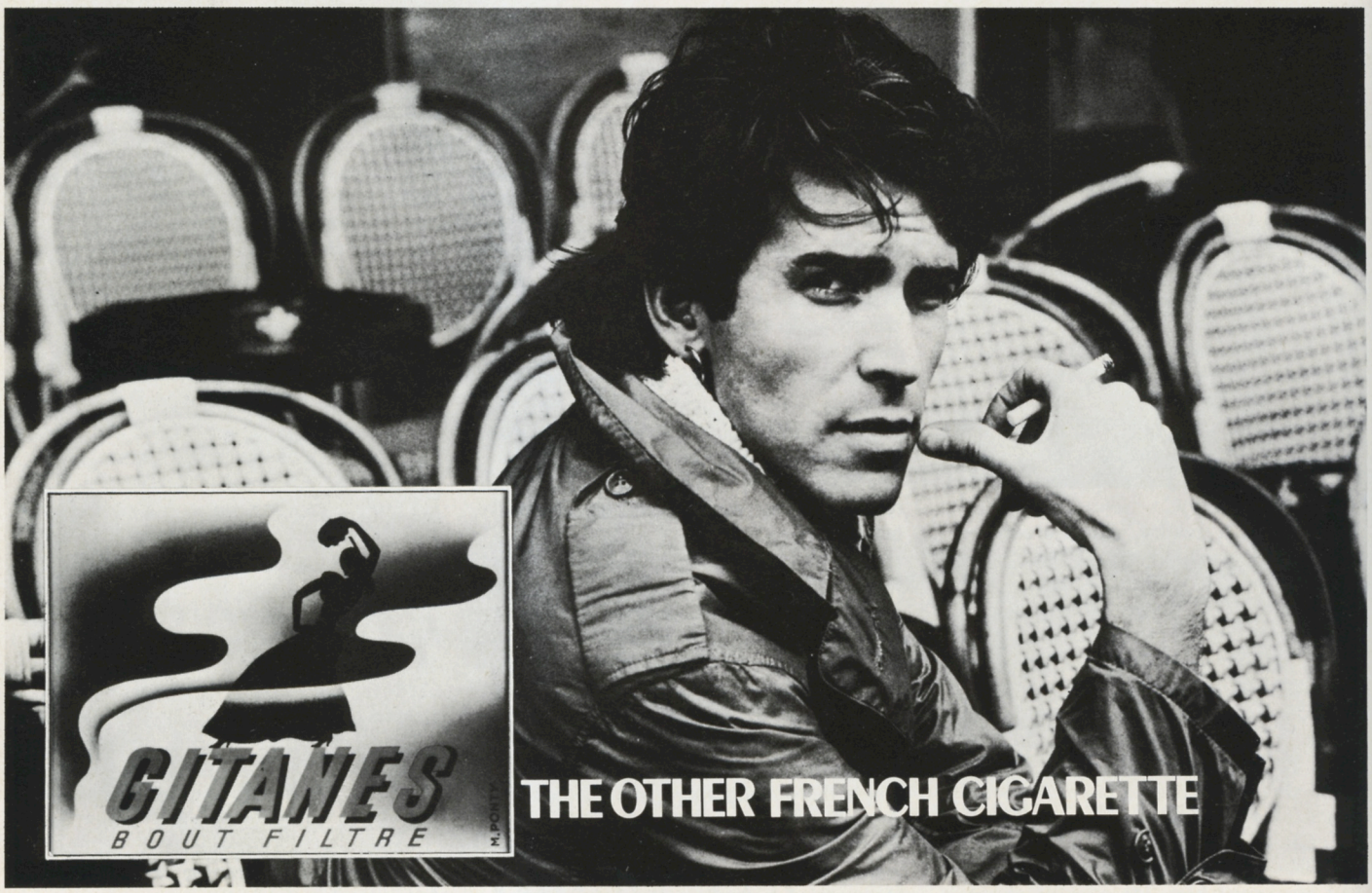

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As defined by H.M. Government.
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New summer-size Harp in Party Cans is now available at branches of Arthur Cooper, Tesco, Victoria Wine, Westminster Wine, Peter Dominic and most good off-licences. But a word of warning. Stocks aren't limitless. So get some now. And enjoy summer more.

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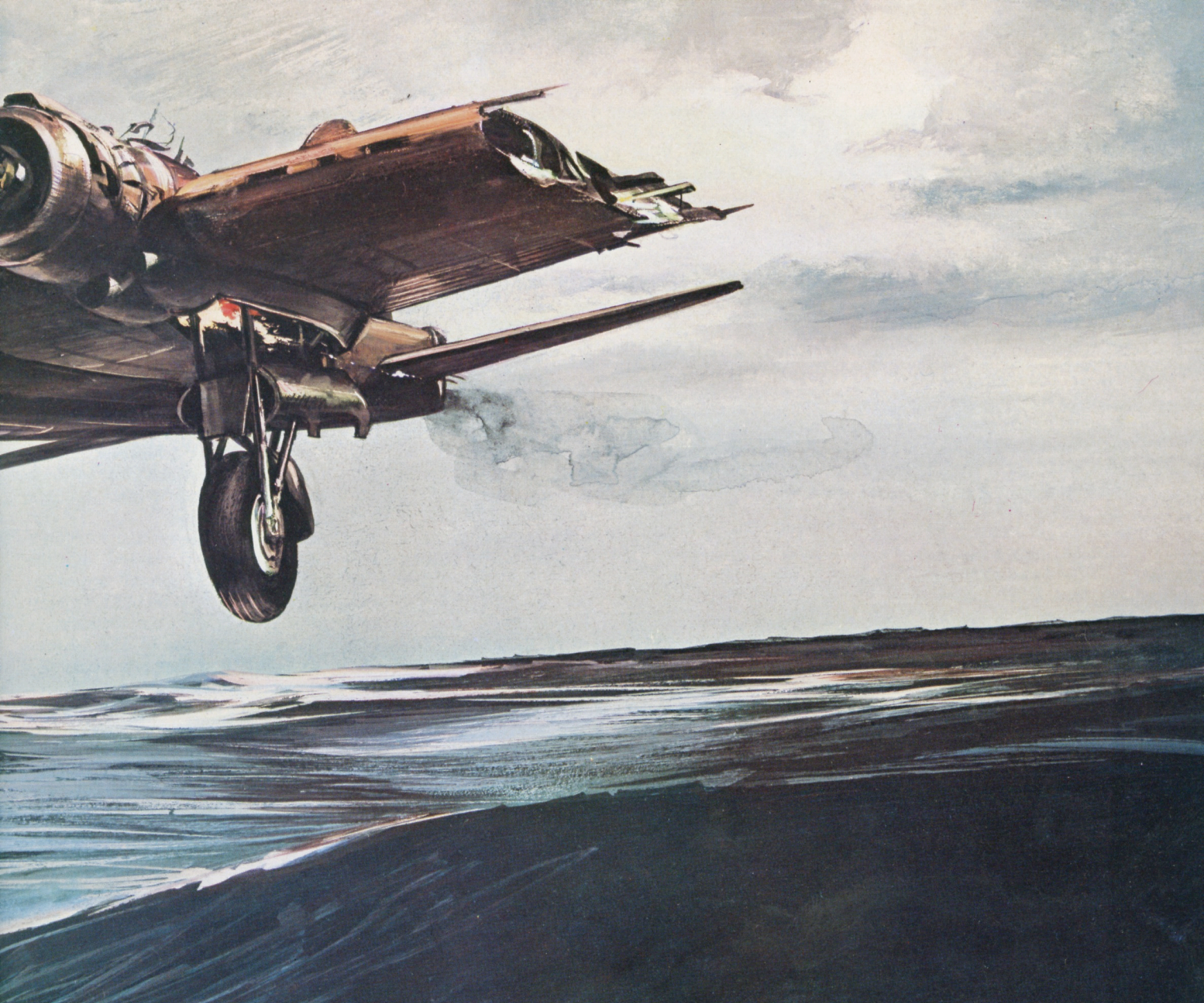

Spindly-legged and ungainly on the ground, the Short Stirling, once in the air, proved one of World War Two's toughest, most durable aircraft: first of the RAF's heavy bombers to strike deep into the heart of Nazi Germany

STIRLING: GENESIS OF GIANT BOMBERS

By Colin Jones

The loaded Series I Stirling had groaned and slogged up from her home station in Suffolk with her usual cowish reluctance to gain altitude, but had made the assembly point with time to spare. It was a good night for bombing just as so many nights had been through the Summer of 1942. There was moon enough to see the target, but it was not the bright, clear hunter's moon liked by German nightfighter pilots. 'Enemy coast ahead, Skipper,' reported the front gunner.

Pilot Officer John Trench acknowledged. His crew were no strangers to Düsseldorf. They were calm and unhurried as they went about their pre-bombing routines. The four big props clawed the Stirling on. 'Target 30 miles.' The news came from the navigator. Trench nodded to his co-pilot, who started the reserve stopwatch, as he himself began his let-down to their allotted run-in at 12,000 feet. The navigator called again at 10 miles. 'Steady and level' announced Trench. The servos whined as his co-pilot opened the bomb doors.

It was almost as though his pressing of the switch had turned on the sun. The

Above: with both port engines and several feet of wing destroyed over Düsseldorf, 1942, PO Trench's Stirling still limped safely home

cockpit was suddenly as brightly lit as tomorrow. Efficiently a second searchlight picked them up: inevitably a third. Viciously the aircraft began to shake. The bursts were close. Inside the Stirling the crew could hear the bits of hot metal slamming into her side. The joltings got worse and more frequent. No one was hurt so Trench obeyed the bomber pilot's third commandment – to deliver the load – and held his line until the bombs had gone. Commandment number one was to look after the crew; number two, to look after the aircraft.

Obviously, all was not well with the Stirling. She had not given her customary soar into the air as the heavy load vanished down into the night. The controls felt much stiffer than normal.

Trench blinked from the intensity of his concentration. For a moment he took his eyes from the compass. The co-pilot thumbed his intercom switch. He reported holes in the starboard tanks and breaks in the feed and cooling pipes on his side of the plane. From the left hand seat Trench looked out of his own window. The port inner engine had lost its propeller and there was just a mass of pipes and wires where the housing and reduction gear should have been. The aircraft was very sluggish. Squinting through the night, he saw the main reason. The port outer engine and several feet of wing were missing altogether. The overshoot had carried them clear of the flak into that quiet fringe area where the night fighters habitually waited. This was not Trench's main worry. Turning his unbalanced machine was a hazardous manœuvre. One mistake and the Stirling would simply fall from the sky. His circle was wide and slow. Each extra mile took precious fuel from the tanks which had not been shot away. They finally got a heading for home.

There was no chance of climbing to a safer altitude. As they droned monotonously across the flat plains of Northern France, they steadily lost their battle with gravity. When the North Sea slid under her belly, the aircraft was dangerously low. Too low for escape by parachute. Long after other crews had debriefed and gone to breakfast, they crossed the coast just north of the Thames. With England beneath her, the Stirling gave up. Suddenly the starboard inner engine cut. They plumped down in a field near Walton. The crew stepped out unscathed. The Stirling had brought them back to fight another day when, by all the laws of aviation, they should have crashed near Düsseldorf.

The incident is typical of many involving the Short Stirling, an aircraft which had many of the attributes of an experienced whore. She was not very graceful when seen standing around. Aircrew were sceptical about her spindly leg physique and numerous protuberances. But, once she was doing her job, once she was started up, she gave a ride of smoothness, power, safety, strength, durability and some surprising acrobatics for such a big girl. The whore outlasted many of her sleeker rivals. The Stirling was one of the few aircraft to see service in every year of World War Two. Paradoxically, only a double miracle got her off the ground. She was beset by initial technical and administrative problems whose shock waves were felt by every person who flew in her.

Short Bros of Rochester were one of three companies responding to Air Ministry Specification B 12/36. This was issued early in 1936 against the shadow of a massive build-up of hardware by the Luftwaffe and a stream of young men being taught to fly heavy aircraft under the umbrella of Germany's civil airline, Lufthansa. The requirement was for a high speed, four-engined long range bomber with enough payload to be worth the high capital cost and enough protective fire power to discourage attackers when operating at distances too great for fighter cover.

Armstrong Whitworth and Supermarine also submitted plans but the contract 672299/39 was finally given to Shorts – a company experienced and justifiably respected for its Empire Class flying boats, but which had not built a land plane since 1934 and had no experience at all of machines with retractable landing gear.

Short's original plans visualised a normal period of testing and development. This would have delivered the RAF a plane with very few shortcomings. As it was, the enforced speed and other exigencies of a country being pitchforked into war so curtailed the Stirling's build-up that the first production orders were placed even before the test results from the prototypes had been assembled. This inevitably led to imperfections, which were aggravated by bureaucratic demands for structural and performance changes even when tooling-up was far advanced. A bomber which should have been almost invulnerable was consequently less so. It did however possess great strength and was much loved by those who flew it, and whom it often brought home under difficulty.

This fighting quality of the Stirling's behaviour in the air was realised from the day the first production aircraft was taken into service. Strangely, it should have been better. The original plan was based on a wing very similar to that of Short's very successful flying boats. This gave a centrally mounted span of 112 feet. The Air Ministry insisted that this be cut to less than 100 feet for the very prosaic reason that this was the door width of the standard Belman hangar being constructed at the time. That one directive was the death warrant for many crews. The shorter, wider wing gave much less grip on the air. The major criticism of the Stirling was undoubtedly its inability to climb above 16,000 feet. The crews of later Lancasters and Halifaxes always cheered aloud when they knew that they were to be accompanied by Stirlings. The enemy always concentrated on them. 'We acted as a sort of low level cover for Lancs' ruefully commented an unnamed Stirling pilot. There are even a number of recorded instances of a British bomb dropped from a higher altitude passing completely through the fuselage of a Stirling attacking the same target. Mostly the machine flew on regardless.

This could not have happened to the first Stirling to take to the air. Following their well tried practice, the Rochester builders constructed a half size wooden mock-up of the design. This was code named S.31. It faithfully reproduced the aero-dynamics and handling of the projected machine. It was an interesting little aircraft in its own right. Crewed by a pilot and navigator sitting tandem, it was powered by four Pobjoy Niagara seven cylinder engines and was flown in great secrecy during the summer of 1938. At a distance it looked like an unidentifiable full scale bomber. A number of Hurricane pilots turned to investigate and were horrified to find that the bomber could out-run them and even turn inside them.

The main purpose of the mini version was to test the retractable undercarriage and the slipstream and turbulence effect of opening the bomb doors.

Chief test pilot Lankester-Parker was

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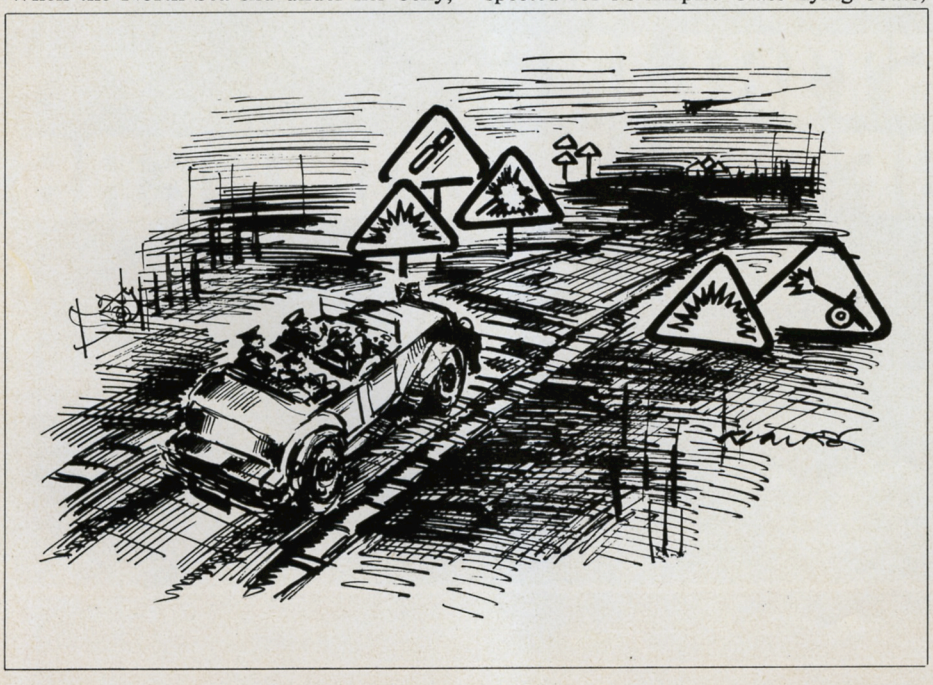


Milly

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DAVID CROSSWAITE

One fine August morning in 1927, Miss Millicent Millichope decided that as the hour was early and the weather clement she would take a bicycle ride from the manor and down to the village. Her attire, as she considered whilst clothing her naked body, was perhaps a shade frivolous for a mere bicycle ride, but nevertheless in keeping with such a splendidly fragrant and pleasing morn as this.

Carefully, she crept from the manor leaving family and servants alike slumbering peacefully in their beds. She wheeled her bicycle from the shed and set off down the lane, inhaling the honeyed air, laden with subtle scents and fragrances that made her feel as intoxicated as if she had drunk a bottle of fine champagne. She smiled with pleasure as with heady excitement she came to the village.

Not surprisingly at such an early hour, it was deserted. Not a soul stirred on the already-warm street. Miss Millicent leaned her bicycle against a wall. Perhaps due to the exhilaration of her ride, she felt light-headed and deliciously naughty. 'What if,' she thought to herself, 'what if the villagers could see me *au naturel*.' She giggled. 'What a to-do there would be.' Her pulse quickened as her eyes darted from side to side and a look of impish merriment spread over her face as she stepped prettily from her clothes, luxuriating in the feeling as the warm sun touched her bare skin. 'Oh Milly,' she thought to herself, 'what a *wicked* girl you are. So shameless. Just like a show-girl.' She laughed, dressing dreamily before pedalling placidly home for her breakfast.

Running two girlfriends at once can add hugely to any man's enjoyment of sex. A scoundrel's guide to easy two-timing

BIRD JUGGLING

By Humphrey Evans

What has got four legs, four boobs, two tongues, two pair of thighs and makes love marvellously? Answer: Two birds – and the only problem is getting their little bushes into your hands.

Running two girlfriends at once more than doubles the excitement – love-making benefits from variety; the logistics of remembering where you're meant to be, when and with whom means everyday arrangements become that much more stimulating; keeping everyone happy tunes up your emotional sensitivities; and, of course, there's always the chance that all three of you will end up in the same bed together.

But be warned. Those women you're so casually inviting to slide into your bed have emotions and desires of their own – and when things break down won't hesitate to let you know. Courting disaster can be fun, but when the balloon goes up and the excrement showers down you could wish you were somewhere else. And those who like to treat the wife as just another girlfriend – or kiss a sympathetic bosom while explaining how misunderstood they are – may find themselves facing up to the full-scale drama of divorce.

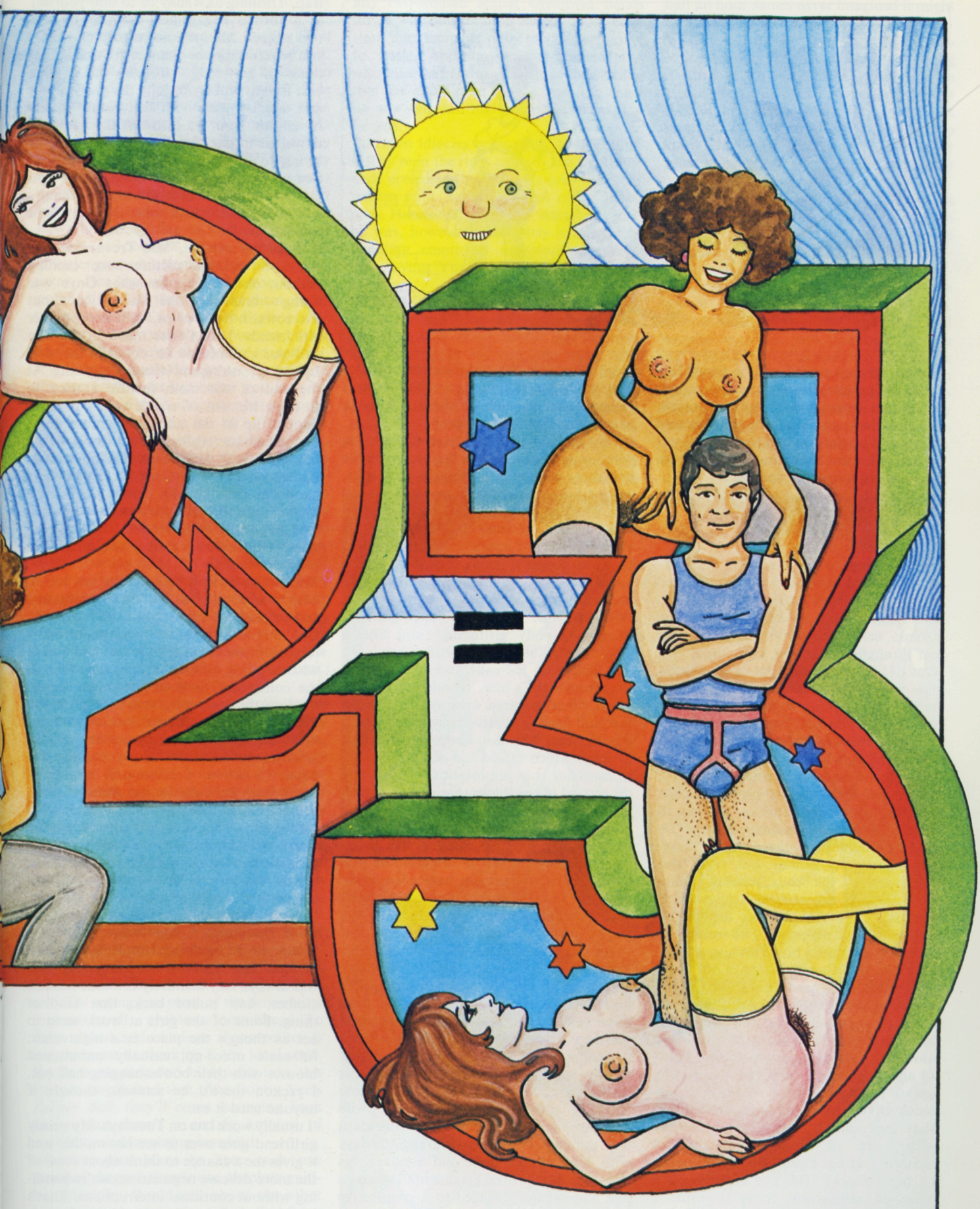
When things go right, however, one (you) plus two (birds) adds up to far, far more than three lonely people looking for love.

Howard had it made. Flowers on the table, a bottle of red wine and a perfectly-cooked meal just finished, the brandy to hand and low, slow music coming from the hi-fi in Sandra's dimly-lit sitting room. All that and Sandra, too. Slim, but with breasts and hips that swelled out to stretch the slinky black fabric of her dress; dark, wavy hair, and brown, wide-set eyes that hinted at her cool sensuality.

Somehow both moved towards the sofa at the same moment. As they leaned forward to kiss, Sandra closed her eyes and parted her lips slightly, Howard gently stroked the stiffening profile of her breast – and within seconds the coolness had gone under in a wash of sensuality. The black dress seemed to float off, bra and panties – equally black and slinky – followed. Howard was already kissing her naked flesh as he stripped.

His hands squeezed her breasts into twin peaks as he sucked at her hard and darkened

ILLUSTRATION BY JOE WRIGHT



nipples, her legs parted and he thrust forward, sliding into the warm clutch of her thighs and tremulously rippling muscles. Her hips tilted up to meet him as he plunged deeper and bodies strained towards mutual orgasm. Howard's evenings with Sandra were always something special.

'When shall I see you again, darling?' she asked as he finally made to leave.

'Monday.'

'Not before?'

'I've got things to do, love.'

What Howard never told Sandra was that the things belonged to Vanessa. And what he'd never admit to anybody was that Vanessa, before she let him get at them, put him through it. Howard knew there were areas of life he'd missed out on – concerts, plays, books – and Vanessa held the key to them. Each evening together was like a seminar – but so was their love-making as each time Howard had to inch his way to some small conclusion.

First a hand under her sweater to unclip her bra and slide round to caress a nipple; then the other hand working its way up between her thighs to press against her groin before shifting higher to hook a finger over tights and panties and ease them down: and all the while Vanessa talking about life and art as though unaware.

Eventually, with her skirt up around her neck and his trousers tangled round his knees, Howard slips home and once again the softly, softly approach pays off. Three quick twitches of her bottom – left, right, and left again – demonstrate the change in Vanessa's approach. Life and art is one thing, this is love and the eager throbbing burrowing between her legs proves it. Pushing and wriggling, moaning and struggling against the tight grip of so many superfluous clothes, Howard and Vanessa do what they can: open mouths glued together, one of Howard's hands still clamped over her breast, the other kneading her buttocks. The end comes with a groan of satisfaction from Howard, a choked-off cry from Vanessa – and then the chatter starts again.

'Will you take me to the film theatre?'

'In a couple of days,' says Howard. 'There are things I must sort out first.'

Yet, at just this point, dangers begin to loom. First are the complications of timings and organization: these must be exact because changes and accidents are liable to produce explosive situations.

On the last day of a long week-end staying with her graduate student boyfriend, Sheila baked a creamy and thickly-iced cake, wished him luck with his research, kissed him goodbye, caught a taxi to the station – but missed the train by a minute or so. With a couple of hours to pass, she taxied back to Roger's room, opened the unlocked door – and found him already in bed with someone else.

'Who are you?' gasped the naked girl.

'Roger's bloody girlfriend,' said Sheila. 'And Roger's bloody cake-baker, too.'

She picked up the cake and dumped it in the strange girl's hair, blonde to her own black, then smeared creamy icing down face and jiggling breasts, belly and box and waving legs. The last lump she dolloped at Roger, then taxied out of his life.

Consistency is as important as timing, and the second of the things that can go wrong. Running two birds who don't know about each other means you can only be with each one half the time. She may like that – giving her the chance to do whatever it is that women do when they have a free evening – but she may also like to wonder what you're doing. Because you can't tell the truth, invention may be necessary. But vagueness is the best bet, together with hints about work, and nights out with the boys.

One of the more successful multiple bigamists of our era turned out to have three wives – he was too nice to resist marriage when a woman sincerely wanted it – and a job as a travelling salesman that luckily kept him away from each of his three homes for five nights of the week. Mondays and Tuesdays he spent with wife number one, Wednesdays and Thursdays was number two, Fridays and Saturdays with wife number three and Sundays, his one clear day, proved his downfall when he met and became engaged to a prospective number four. The women involved were saddened to learn the truth – not one had suspected it – but pointed out that, in his way, he had only been trying to make them all happy.

Social events form a third, only too likely trap. Thrilling as it may be to find yourself at a formal engagement flanked by the two women who, unknown to each other, you're screwing, the chances are that something will go wrong – probably one of your best friends will try to jolly the party along and end up with both feet firmly in his mouth and your fist thrusting them further down his throat. But the real give-away is trying to chat up two birds with similar names. Not one of your mates – and you do depend on them for this kind of thing – will remember which one is Jenny and which Jeannie.

'I made the mistake,' said Trevor, 'of taking Lynn to the pictures one evening without checking to see what Gaye was doing – and there she was sitting about five rows in front of us, with some of her girl friends. I didn't see much of the film as I was slumped so far down in the seat. Lynn kept asking me what I was doing. At the end of the main feature I tried to smuggle her out of a side exit, but Gaye popped up in the aisle in front of us. I mumbled something about my sister, hoping they'd each think the other was, but that didn't take. Gaye hit me with her handbag, then she hit Lynn, then Lynn hit her – and then I left. Whatever happened next happened without me. I must say it seems a bit unlucky to lose two girlfriends in one evening.'

The double-ganged bird fancier just has to keep a look out for this kind of situation and be ready to cut his losses and run.

One simple way round these problems is for one of the women to know and accept what is going on and she can then help in the conspiracy to keep the other happy. Finding the right bird may not pose too many problems – women, too, often fancy a bit on the side – and once set up, the arrangement can run along happily for years. Dr Alfred C Kinsey, in his report on *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, actually notes that few difficulties develop out of extra-marital intercourse where the relationship is unknown to anyone but the persons having the intercourse. In other words, sex purely for the sake of having sex never did anyone any harm.

'Angela works in an office along the corridor from mine,' said Peter. 'When she first arrived I can't say I took much notice of her. She wore a wedding ring and was always very demurely dressed: sensible clothes, hair pulled back, that kind of thing. Some of the girls at work seem to act as though the place is a night club: full-scale make-up, casually unbuttoned blouses with their boobs hanging half out. I reckon there'd be screams, though, if anyone tried it on.

'I usually work late on Tuesdays. My steady girlfriend goes over to see her mother and it gives me a chance to think about some of the more delicate negotiations we're handling without continual interruptions. That's how it started. Angela stayed late one week and we shared a coffee in my office round eight o'clock when the two of us were the only ones left in the building. I reached past her to point to one of the charts we'd been talking about and brushed against

her shoulder. Something seemed to click with both of us.

'We spent a few minutes kissing and cuddling then she said – she said, mind you: "Let's take this seriously. I have to leave in half an hour to meet my husband." She slipped out of her clothes even faster than I could get mine off, we cleared the desk-top and then went at it like knives. She may have looked demure, but she certainly knew what she wanted. Almost as soon as we started she'd got hold of me with both hands and was rubbing me up and down herself, getting us both in the mood as fast as possible. Then a couple of wriggles pushed it home and we were really away. Her legs were waving around so I grabbed hold of them, tucked them under my arms and got a really good grip on her bottom. When you've got a woman curled up like that you're absolutely in control, the more you push the deeper you get, and the deeper you get the better you feel. By the time she'd tried wriggling her way out of it – giving us both a fair bit of fun in the process – I felt just about ready to burst. Coming together like that, the first time we made love, says a lot for the sex with no strings approach.

'Anyway, Tuesday night is now Angie night. During the rest of the week we're polite to each other when we meet but every Tuesday after the office has emptied – and we've done the work we should do – we set to work on each other. I shouldn't be surprised to find we've worn grooves in my desk top by now. And there aren't any complications. Every week we both get a fine fuck and no-one else is being hurt. What more can you want?'

When the women involved both know about each other some things become easier – but a whole new set of problems, and more complex ones at that, are likely to appear. For such a triple-sided relationship to work (or rather, a two-and-a-half-sided link-up as the ladies concerned may never meet) everyone must find in it exactly what they want. And, as a result, the details of when and where to stage the next assignation are less important than making sure the emotional ambience is right.

What do people want in these two-on-one situations? If the answer is of the half-a-loaf variety – that each girl would rather have you to herself but is prepared to settle for seeing you some of the time rather than not at all – problems loom ahead. To know about and condone a competitor is not the same as thinking it the ideal state. If you're juggling two birds who take this attitude you'll find that, like Bobby Vee's *Rubber Ball*, they'll come bouncing back to you but there's a certain amount of stretching and straining involved.

Whatever your plans to keep each one positively happy, there's one absolute guiding principle: Don't talk about the other bird. Not even if you're asked. Satisfying a woman's morbid curiosity leads only to tears, not thanks for helping her in the quest for knowledge. And never, never mention the other's love-making. Even telling the one you're with that she would win any two-woman sexual Olympiad hands down will only remind her of those erections that, from her point of view, are going to waste. And the wooden-brained stud who informs his chosen mate of the evening that she could take lessons from the angel he was with last night deserves everything he gets.

But even idiocies bring some people fun – if they're in the right place at the right time and protected by some special kind of patron saint. James was one of the lucky ones. Handsome enough to attract any girl, he was, however, completely hamfisted at handling emotional complexities greater than saying 'You've got a fantastic pair of knockers.'

Somehow James acquired two girl friends at once – but then proceeded to demonstrate his lack of emotional marbles over and over again. In bed one night with Anne, a black-haired beauty, he kissed each dark, proud-standing nipple and casually mentioned how much he preferred their sharp definition to the vaguer pink that tipped the ample breasts of the lighter-skinned Valery. When Anne clamped her legs together and lay in passive silence for half an hour James never imagined it might be something *he* had said.

Valery, too, received her share of double-edge compliments that left her wondering if Anne was a secret Miss Universe with a black belt in oriental sexual arts. 'What is he up to?' she asked her friends. 'I don't want to tie him down – I'd just like to know where I bloody well stand.' And after some more drinks she decided she bloody well would find out where she stood.

Whisking round to James's flat took only a few minutes, fumbling the key he'd given her into the lock added only seconds more and then she was inside the darkened hallway – and listening to the sounds of exertion coming from the bedroom. As she pushed open the door James looked up, without pausing from his pumping, and happily enquired 'Are you here to join in?' Anne squirmed sideways to take a look at Valery, muttered 'Oh my God' and then went back to giving all her attention to shifting her hips into the most satisfactory position. And Valery herself, deciding to grin and bare it, started taking her clothes off.

Valery crawled on to the bed and James

already buried to the hilt in Anne, ran his hand between her thighs and pulled her upwards and towards him until he could press his face into her blonde thatch and dart his tongue into the warmth within. One hand on Valery's breast, tweaking a nipple into life, the other fondling Anne, as he slid in and out of Anne's constantly twitching thighs, tongue probing for Valery's clitoris: James was as busy as a sweet-toothed burglar loose in a chocolate shop.

And with the pulsing need for bodily contact driven ever higher by mutual pressure, Valery and Anne reached out to caress and kiss each other as well as James until, as first Valery, then Anne, then James himself shuddered into the muscle-tensing release of orgasm, the three lay intertwined in close-packed harmony.

When all is said and done, however, whether pliable birds have just floated into your life or whether you've negotiated a mutually-satisfactory arrangement with two not-so-pliable women, your own emotions still have to play their part. Imagine the scenario: Monday you take out Mandy, Tuesday you sleep with Sue, Wednesday is Mandy night, Thursday Sue, Friday M, Saturday S and Sunday you treat as a day of rest and recuperation. But on Monday morning your boss invites you to dinner and adds 'Bring your best girl.' Which one do you take?

Or even more problematical: what if you suddenly decide that the razzamatazz should give way to quiet evenings in front of a roaring fire, a large English sheepdog lying by your feet, a large malt whisky in one hand and the most perfect girl in the world in the other. Again, which of the two is it? And who knows could it even be a third?

Yet these are high grade worries with more than a hint of over-perfectionism. When a tandem arrangement is running smoothly everybody *is* happy, that's the point.

'With over 150 miles between my two birds,' John said, 'there's room for a fair amount of latitude. I have to spend about ten days a month supervising a branch of my business up north. When the assignment came through I expected the ten days to be some kind of penance. But it's not turned out like that – and there's been a great bonus, too.

'I was very heavily involved with Sheila, far too heavily, really. Neither one of us wanted to get married but somehow we'd drifted into a situation where we were together all the time and couldn't break away. She was – she is – fantastic in bed. She gives her body a lot of attention, yoga, tennis, sunbathing, skin cream and so on and it pays off during love-making. Her skin is the smoothest I've ever touched and golden nearly all the year round. And the yoga must give her very special muscular control – you just wouldn't believe what she can do.

'Somehow, since I've been spending so much time away, we've been able to achieve a much healthier relationship. We're together much of the time, and that's so much livelier now we're both sure it's from choice and not compulsion, and some of the time we go our own ways. I don't ask her what she does while I'm away and she doesn't ask me. Actually, what I'm doing is Margaret.

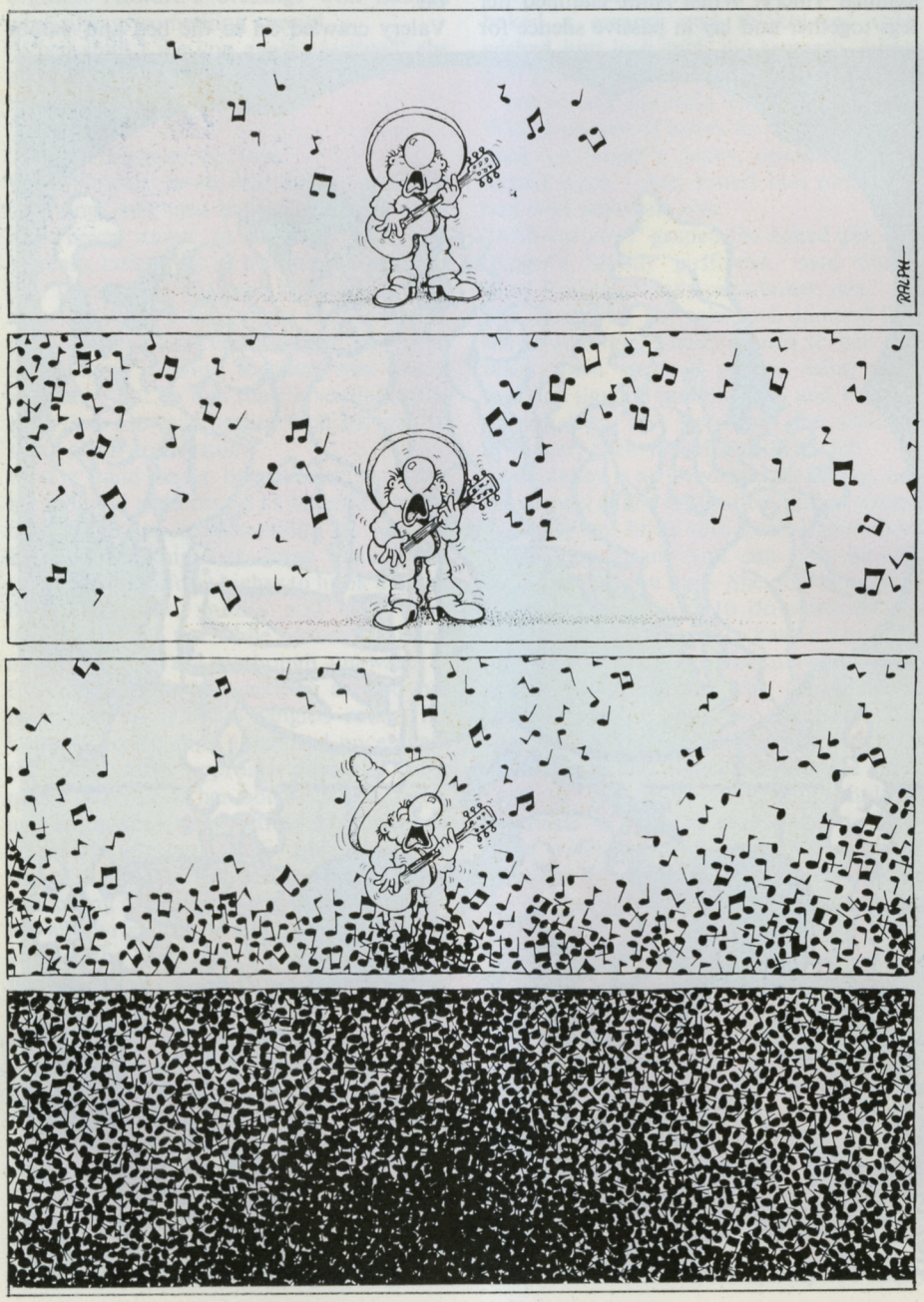
'Margaret's a nurse. She's planning to go out to Australia to work so she's happy to enjoy an uncommitted relationship for the time being. She's very lively, usually at the centre of a crowd. That's how I met her. She was with a group of people in a bar and I was sitting there wondering what to do with the evening. She swept me into the group because she didn't think people should drink alone. We didn't get together that evening, but later that week we spent the night at her place. Margaret is certainly the kind of woman who sets out from the start to please.

'Now she meets me off the train every time I come up. We go straight back to her place and undress, and then Margaret gives me a massage to relax away the tension that builds up from travel. That fairly quickly becomes what the massage parlours call a local – you can guess where it's localized – and usually Margaret gives a few flicks with her tongue to help matters along. When she's got me well and truly "relaxed", she kneels astride me, guides my "local area of maximum relaxation" into her own and begins to grind away. That's really incredible, lying there, rotating my hips against hers and watching her breasts jiggle as she rushes headlong towards a shattering climax.

'We'll spend the rest of the evening wining and dining, and probably see each other on several of the remaining nights.

'So far the arrangement has worked well for all three of us – and it looks as though it should carry on that way. We all know what we want and can manage it without getting ourselves in an emotional tangle.'

So, with the pitfalls and the peaks firmly in mind, you, and you, and you over there can start planning those double seductions. But remember – the man with two birds has no first love, just a pragmatic approach to seeking the maximum enjoyment from sexual relationships.



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Embassy Number 1 is a full king size cigarette.
By leaving out the coupons we can give you the best in smoking quality and save you money too.

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STEPHANIE

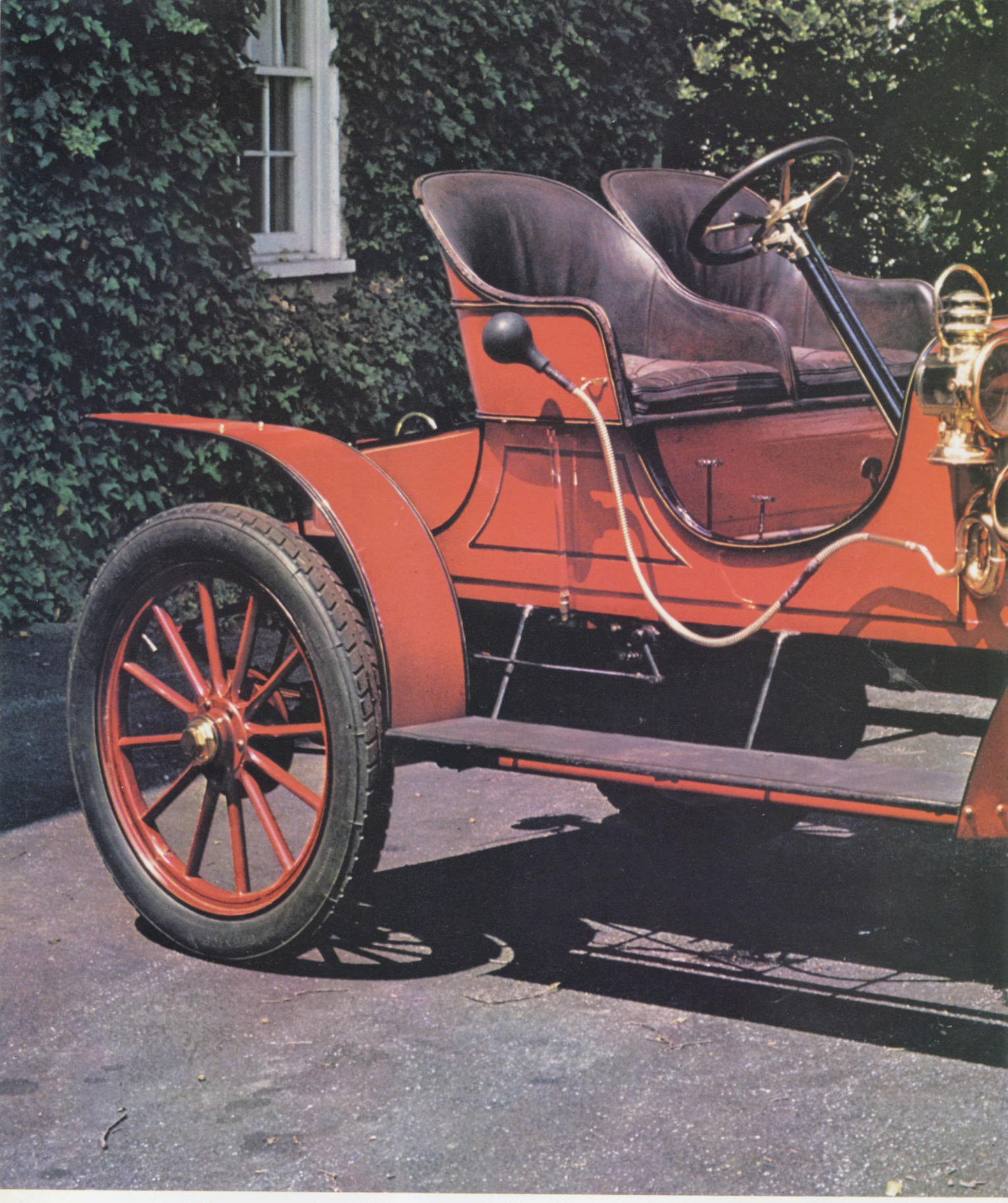
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
SIWER OHLSSON

According to herself 20-year-old Stephanie Platt's most valuable physical attribute is not a stunning 38–23–36 figure, nor a face that would launch two thousand ships, but the steadiest pair of hands seen outside of a wild west saloon card game. Explanation? Well, Stephanie works in the china and porcelain department of a select antiques establishment deep in the heart of London's Belgravia and in the course of an average working day she is, by her own admission, likely to handle 'literally hundreds of thousands of pounds-worth

of china and porcelain. 'Actually,' Stephanie continues, 'the price of each item is pretty meaningless as they're absolutely irreplaceable. The price of each item is fixed by the prices paid for similar items, the current market for an item of that nature and whether a number of similar items might perhaps be available elsewhere. To put it at it's most basic, a Ming vase will fetch more than a Victorian chamber pot for, among other reasons, its rarity value.' Stephanie laughs. 'I'm sure I'm confusing you, but it really is quite simple. Of course as even Victorian potties can be worth quite a bit, you have to be terribly careful when handling pieces because if you break them, well . . .' Stephanie breaks off. 'You could hardly pay for

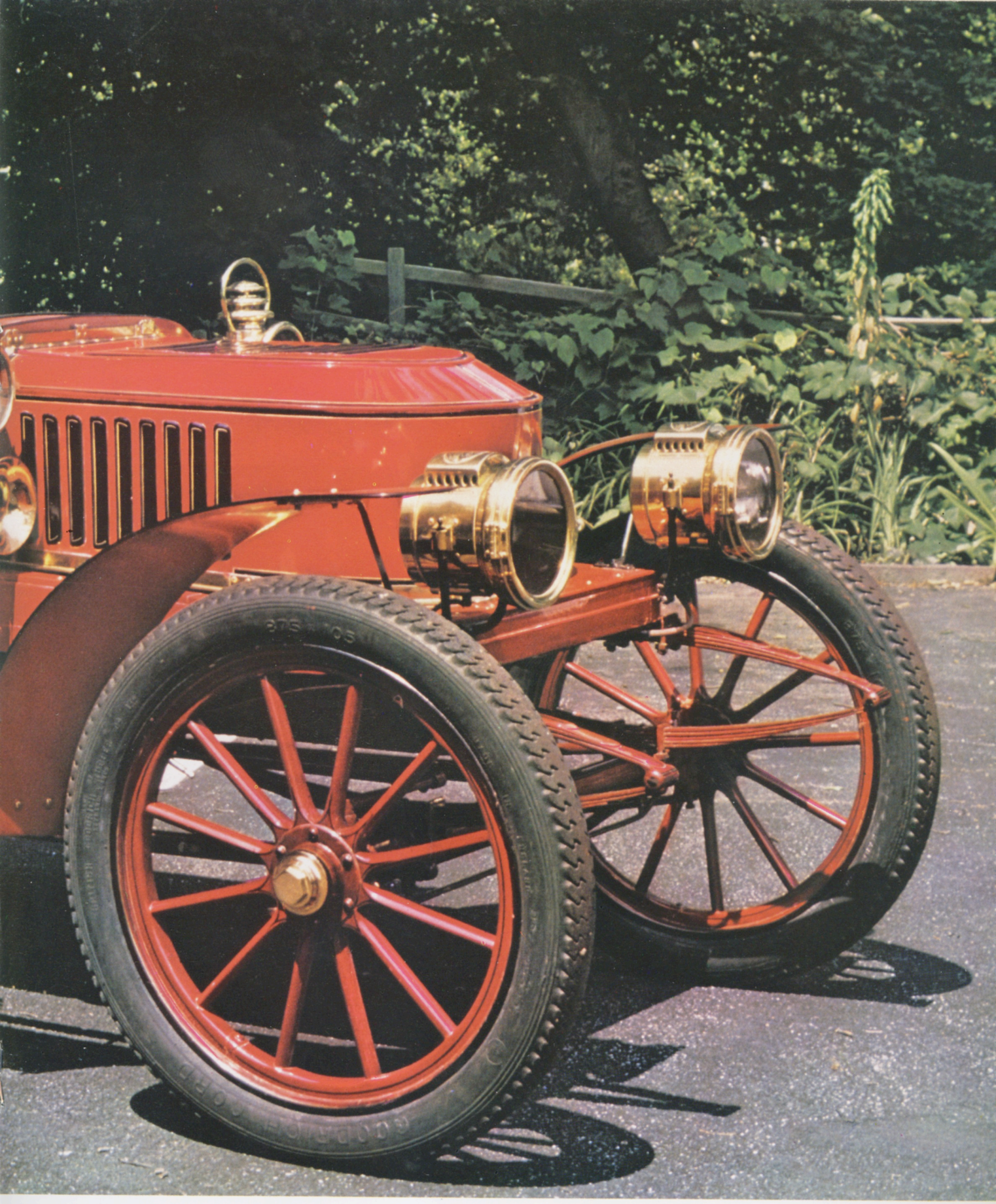
them out of your salary, could you ? It'd take years.' She grins. 'I *nearly* broke something once – a little Meissen figurine worth, heavens, I break out in a cold sweat when I think of what it was worth. I just managed to spin round and catch it after I'd dislodged it from its stand. Normally though I'm pretty good but I do tend to drop things at home, funnily enough. Perhaps it's a reaction after having to be so careful at work.' Home for Stephanie is a small maisonette on the Chelsea and Fulham borders shared with a girlfriend and a large hound of dubious parentage called Monty. 'Monty came to meet me from work once,' grins Stephanie, 'and he nearly gave my boss a heart attack because he's big and friendly, always jumping up at you. After his visit I was very politely asked not to let him in the shop again. He gets a bit much sometimes though, he scratched my behind as I was sunbathing the other day. Quite badly too. He was only playing, but I've got a huge plaster on now – hence no bottom pictures. 'Sorry!'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/STEPHANIE PLATT



Stanley Steamers

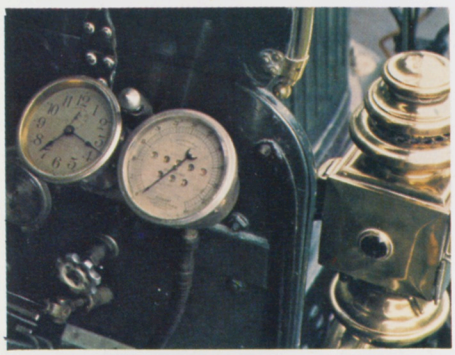
Speedy, powerful and all but silent, the cars built by the Stanley twins in the early 1900s remain a fitting memorial to road-going steam power. Motoring with William Boddy / photographed by Andrew Morland



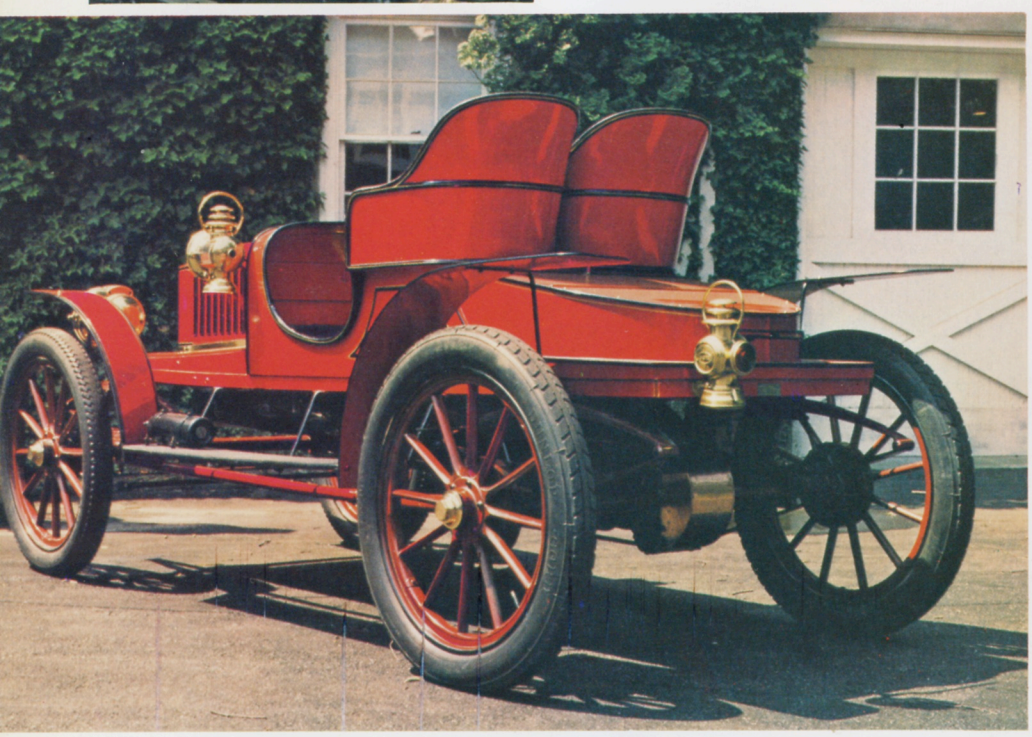
At one time, long long ago, the would-be motor owner took his or her choice of motive power from petrol, steam or electricity. Petrol won, of course, there is nothing so conveniently compact, instantaneous and easy to drive and service, as the internal-combustion carriage. Steam was at first quieter – until that old genius Henry Royce made petrol cars that were just as acceptably hushed. Electricity was fine, for even more fool-proof control and ghostly running, until the battery ran down and you either returned home at the snail's pace of a milkfloat at the conclusion of its rounds, or were stranded altogether.

So the oil engine won. But now the scientific pundits are alarming us by saying that the world's crude oil supply will soon – in 20, 50, 100 years – be completely exhausted. So other scientists and engineers are again thinking in terms of steam, and even electricity.

Let them! My generation will end our motoring days in petrol cars and I suspect the next generation will as well. But all sorts of very clever people are taking this oil-exhaustion terribly seriously and are



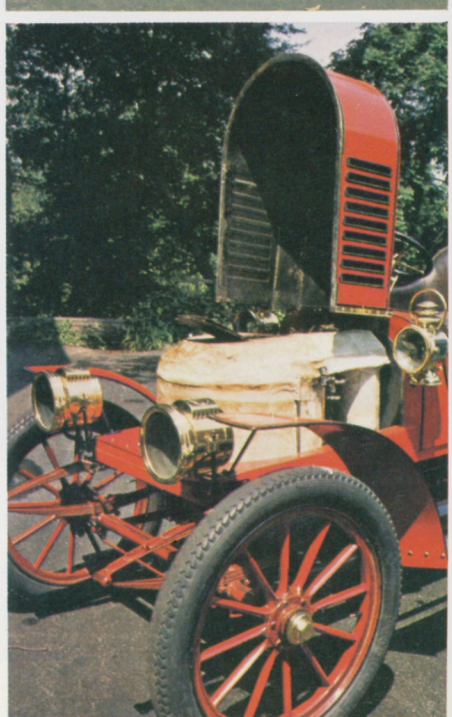
trying to evolve engines that will run without petrol. Even that amusing, erudite, but dignified gentleman, Sir Alec Issigonis, who gave Britain the wonderfully different Mini which all the bright boys who have been designing little motorcars ever since have copied – even unto the might of Ford – has been sealed away by British Leyland trying to get out a modern steamcar. Not surprising, perhaps, as one of his hobbies is running gauge-O steam-powered locos. Steam may not return to the roads in our time. But it was once quite a popular motive power, not only for cumbersome traction engines and steam waggons, but for fast, even nimble, private motor cars. There were the Stanleys, the Locomobiles (Kipling had one of these), the Doble, the White the Serpollet, and others. Let me tell you about the Stanley. It belongs to the great steam car heritage which you only see today paraded at Veteran Car Club events such as the November Run to Brighton. But



Overleaf: a 1908 Stanley Red Roadster, also known as a 'Gentleman's Speedy Roadster.' Lightweight at 1600 lbs, it developed 20 hp from its 23-inch diameter boiler with a top speed of 75 mph. Also seen, this page, above, top left and right, bottom right and, opposite page, before the T Clarence Marshall Museum, Delaware, USA. Centre right, this page and top right, opposite page: a 1912 Mountain Wagon of similar dimensions. Opposite page, bottom: a 1915 Model 825 15-passenger Mountain Wagon. Its 30 hp engine gave it a top speed of 40 mph. The name derived from its efficiency on steep inclines.

when motoring was young, quite a lot of people threw in their lot with the Stanley brothers. In those days the petrol car was noisy, needed a horrid crash gearbox, and was unreliable. Trains, ploughing engines and power stations relied on external-combustion steam, so wasn't it only sensible for motorists to do likewise?

The first Stanleys were designed expressly to run on the unmade roads of the pre-automobile American continent, as were the high-wheeler petrol cars which emanated only from the USA. They were very well sprung and they used simple engines and normal boilers. Not for F E Stanley, who evolved the original Locomobile-Stanleys, the flash boiler or compound steam engine. He was out for simplicity, which surely was the key to dependability? The first of these little runabouts had under the driver's seat a twin-cylinder, double-acting, vertical engine with overhung ball-bearing cranks, cross-head guides, and



ATLANTIC
ETHYL
GASOLINE
THE MAGIC AGE OF STEAM
T. CLARENCE MARSHALL MUSEUM
Stanley STEAM CARS

101696
THE FIRST STATE
D1680
DELAWARE

Stephenson's Link motion valve gear. Behind this conventional and therefore acceptable steam engine was a boiler with 298 tubes, fired by a petrol-burning torch, this set-up being partially surrounded by a 15-gallon horseshoe-pattern water tank. The boiler operated normally at 150 lbs per square inch pressure but would take 200 lbs for short bursts of power. It was reckoned that $3\frac{1}{2}$ hp were normally available and as the *ensemble* scaled rather less than 7 cwt, this might, as Rolls-Royce would say, be regarded as 'sufficient'. But less sufficient, maybe, in the heavier four-seater Surrey or Stanhope longer wheel base models of this Stanley-designed locomobile.

Apart from lack of power, there were other shortcomings. The entire power pack was mounted with the body on full-elliptic springing and the result was a rather too flimsy structure, as Kipling was to discover. Then, because the boiler was a fire tube and not a flash type, it was essential to watch that the level of the water it contained did not drop too low. As the boiler was *behind* the driver, he could not rely on a direct water gauge, but was given a mirror into which to try to read the level in a gauge over his shoulder. Then the burner was apt to be difficult to light, to blow out in a cross-wind, and to require some quarter of an hour before there was a sufficient head of steam to move off again.

Delayed motoring, with a vengeance. There was more leisure time in those days, of course, but even so there must have been occasions when owners of these little Locomobiles wished they had the flash starting habits of a flash-boiler Serpollet.

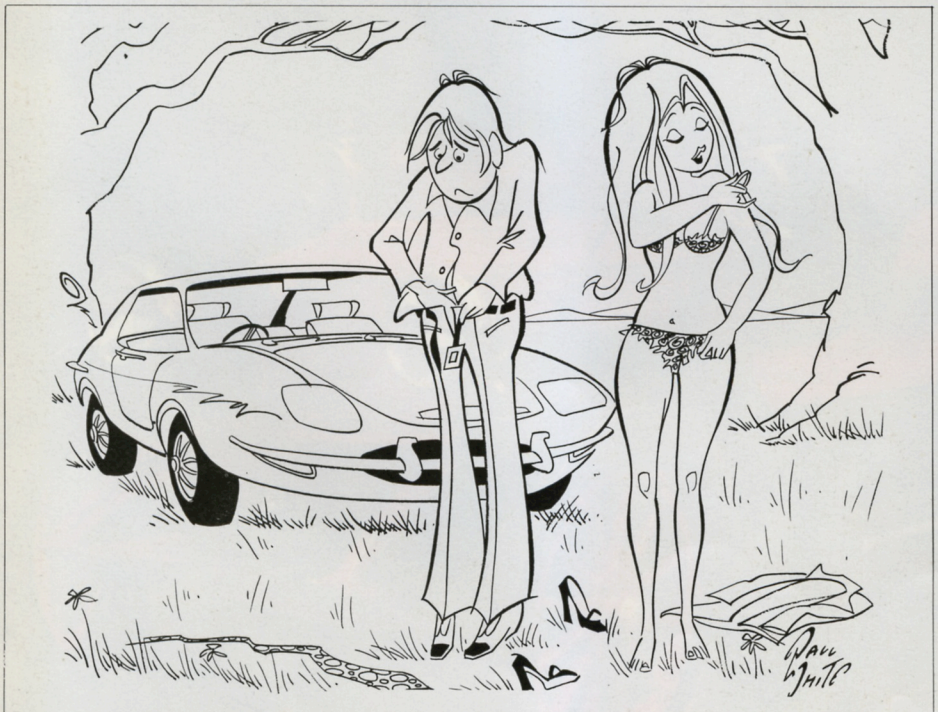
It can be said in favour of these early Locomobiles, however, that they spurted well, even if top pace was little more than 20 mph. They were quiet and very smooth-running but after some 20 miles or so you had to dismount and refill boiler and burner tank. Assembled in Kensington for British clients they were popular for a time, and the English agent Hubert Egerton drove one from John o' Groats to Land's End in the winter of 1900, taking under 12 days for the 880-mile journey. The late Anthony Bird has put this feat in proper perspective though, by remarking that although the Stanley engine gave no trouble, 'almost everything else did'!

No wonder enthusiasm died away and by 1903 the Locomobile people had lost faith in steam. The Stanley brothers kept faith, forming their own concern to build vastly better steam cars. But Locomobile turned to high-grade, rather heavy, petrol jobs. The first of the better Stanleys was the model EX, based on the original Loco-Stanley except that is used a paraffin burner, which seemed safer than a petrol one. A 20 hp and then a 30 hp model followed, these nominal power designations being capable of short-term uplift. Some rather nice coachwork was fitted to these models and it must be remembered that some of their appeal stemmed from their low rate of engine revolutions, in spite of a boiler pressure now of 650 lbs per square inch. The non-stop range had been improved to some 40 to 50 miles by 1907 but the basic design remained as before, although there was now a dummy bonnet up front, making a Stanley look like any other automobile, as the accompanying pictures show, whereas the old Locomobiles had been like buggies *sans* horses.

The Stanley reputation was enhanced by some notable racing performances on the Florida beach in 1905 and again in 1906. During these drags the steamer not only vanquished the giant petrol cars, such as a 90 hp Napier and a 110 hp Fiat, but proved that the boiler would steam at top pressure over the flying mile. Fred Marriott, using a modified 20 hp Stanley, with pointed prow body and a rear-place boiler, geared-up engine, and a working pressure which for short distances could be maintained at around 1,600 lbs, producing a very useful 150 hp or so, took the coveted Land Speed Record to 127.56 mph for the mile. For some time steam cars had been banned from many forms of competition and written down by biased journalists. It is said that after this fine performance by the Stanley steamer at Daytona there was an attempt to discount its record, which some said it couldn't possibly claim, on the curious grounds that the petrol car record (109.75 mph by Bowden's Mercedes) had been disallowed, therefore there was no record to claim! The fact is that this splendid speed by the streamlined Stanley steamer was not officially approved. But Marriott's 121.57 mph over the kilometre *was* and this was 11.92 mph faster than the previously accepted Land Speed Record by Hemery's petrol-powered Darracq, set up in 1905. Thus it was a steam car which was the first to officially exceed two miles per minute. And that Stanley was so very much quicker than its internal-combustion rivals. Yet its engine, retaining the Stephenson-controlled slide valves, turned at a mere 560 rpm, admittedly geared at $1 : 1\frac{3}{4}$.

Sadly, when Marriott returned to Daytona in January 1907, with a new Stanley record car, hoping to reach 150 mph, he had a very bad accident indeed. The car was again based on the normal 20 hp Stanley touring car but with a much higher boiler pressure. The body was again an inverted boat shape single-seater. Unofficially it seems that this 'Wogglebug', or 'Rocket', as it was later named, broke the previous best speed achieved by the intrepid Marriott. But it struck some ridges in the sand, went broadside, rolled over and over, and disintegrated. The driver was pinned in what was left of his racer but, wonderful to relate, he was little hurt. But the Stanley Company decided to leave record-breaking and racing at that – and their first-ever 120 mph over a mile will ever be a warm tribute to steam.

The petrol cars were now in the ascendant and electric starting was another body blow to the Stanley, with its waiting period before it could be driven. Bigger models, condensers to increase the water range, steel in place of the former wooden chassis frames, and, by 1920, a very conventional appearance, did little to keep sales going. The Stanley brothers had retired from the company during the 1914–18 war and even the hushed, very brisk step-off of the Model 735 Stanley steamer of 1920 failed to keep the make in production. It retained that two-cylinder engine, geared direct to the rear axle (the chain drive featured on the Locomobiles) but no gearbox was needed. Opening the bonnet behind the dummy radiator, all you found on a Model 735 Stanley was a big boiler, like a copper tub for the dirty linen. At first, even in the post-war cheap petrol period, about 600 were sold. But hydraulic front wheel brakes and balloon tyres could not keep the once proud Stanley alive. The makers called it a day in 1927.



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Stirling

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satisfied that all was well and on September 19, 1938 he flew the new concept to the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental Establishment at Martlesham Heath. The boffins were equally impressed but attempted to raise the payload. This meant giving the design better take-off qualities than the 50 feet height at 1400 yards of the original specification. They suggested that this could be achieved by adding three degrees to the wing incidence – which the designers had set at three and a half degrees to give minimum drag at cruising speed. The change was not possible because the production line was already tooled-up beyond that point. The Rochester designers compromised by lengthening the Oleo legs of the landing gear, thereby raising the whole aircraft by the required amount.

This solved the immediate problem, but created a number of others. On the ground the Stirling looked like a praying mantis. All newcomers were impressed by its height and correctly apprehensive about its landing and take-off qualities. This became important when France was occupied and many bomber stations were within easy range of German fighters, who adopted the tactics of following Stirlings in to land. They caught them at a time when they were tired, short of fuel and often with the rear gunner already up front. The improved take-off performance had the logically converse effect of making the plane difficult to land. It used to 'cushion', ie refuse to go down. Albert Swales flew a Stirling from 199 at Shepherd's Grove. He described the landing. 'You had to throttle her right back almost to stall speed then heave back on the column and dump it down like a bag of spuds. It was like landing on pogo sticks.' Not a pleasant feeling with an Me 109 on your tail.

Flight Sergeant George Bennett's Stirling was strafed in this manner as he returned to Mildenhall. The German fighter caught him with his undercarriage down and the aircraft was soon ablaze. In seconds the cockpit filled with smoke. There was neither the time nor the power to overshoot and go round again. Bennett could not see out. By smashing the top glass of the canopy and standing on the seat, he and his co-pilot managed to hold their final approach and put his aircraft down alongside the runway. For this feat he was awarded the AFM. He later opined that the decoration should really have gone to the plane.

The first Stirling prototype L 7600 was tested on May 14, 1939. Lankester-Parker was not entirely happy about the front assembly. He spent over an hour taxiing before take off. His fears were justified. As he came back to Rochester to land a brake jammed. The Stirling's stalky undercarriage collapsed and she had to be written off.

Flight testing of L 7605 was not possible until December. This time the first hour was flown with the wheels locked down. The first production aircraft (N 3635) rolled out and took the air a mere five months later. This was a quite remarkable achievement for the Stirling was by no means simple.

In designer terms the bomber was a mid-wing cantilever monoplane powered by four Bristol Hercules XI 14-cylinder air-cooled radial engines each developing 1,590 hp at 2,900 revs per minute. (In the Stirling III and IV these were changed for Hercules XVI giving 1,650 hp for the same turnover speed.) This enabled a normal loaded weight of 59,400 (maximum permissible 70,000 lbs) to cruise at 260 mph at 10,500 feet and gave it a range of 1,930 miles with 5,000 lbs of bombs or 2,330 miles if the load was reduced to 1,500 lbs. The service ceiling was not generous and a fully loaded Stirling needed 42 mins to attain 15,000 feet.

At the beginning of hostilities, these bomb loads seemed quite adequate, but latterly the Stirling grew out of favour by its inability to handle anything larger than the 2,000 lb AP bomb because the sections of its 42 feet long bomb bay were too small. It was the first plane to have electrically operated bomb doors and those in the wing roots were made to open inwards so that the plane would not suffer from turbulence at a time when steadiness was essential. At the time it was nicknamed The Flying Solenoid.

Early models were turreted for all-round protection – including attack from below. It was not long, however, before this ventral turret was abandoned. It was lowered hydraulically but caused so much drag that the aircraft slowed markedly at a time when it really needed all possible speed. Early aviation hydraulics were far from perfect and prone to leakage. There were a number of accidents caused by the belly turret slipping and allowing guns to foul the ground. For a time guns inside hatches were used but gradually these were omitted and crews settled for twin Browning FN 5 or FN 7 in forward and mid-upper turrets and four FN 20A or FN 50A in the after turret. All turrets were fully manœuvrable from duplex pumps driven by the two inner engines.

Perhaps the Stirling's greatest protection was its strength. It was the first aircraft on which Short Bros abandoned traditional shipbuilding techniques in favour of making a fuselage in four sections. Each

Top: a Short Stirling on a 1942 operational flight. Centre: another 1942 view of a Stirling Mk III showing its distinctive tall spidery undercarriage. Bottom: a 1944 view of a Stirling Mk IV. Stirlings were one of the few aircraft to fly throughout the war.

section was braced by continuous stringers and bolted to the next through the webs of the end frames. This whole was carried on three girders running the entire length of the hull. The machine was so robust that one Stirling on a raid to Hamburg still allowed Flight Lieutenant G Turner to bring her home safely even though he had suffered a head on collision with a Bf 109 in the exit corridor from the target. The German crashed but the Stirling struggled home minus four feet of her starboard wing.

If you talk to surviving station commanders they remember Stirling pilots as big men. 'There was plenty of room to sit, not like the tiny cockpits of fighters. A tall man got to the rudder pedals easily and could use the all round visibility from the controls.' They also needed to be big in courage. Recently bomber pilots have taken some stick from a later generation of commentators who have no concept of war or the philosophy of 'them or us, so better them.'

'I was always afraid before we took off. It wasn't a comfortable feeling to be sitting on 14,000 lbs of bombs and next to wings with 14 tanks holding 2,250 gallons of high octane fuel. It was when you remembered that the people over there were building Messerschmitts and bombs to drop on your kids back home that you became glad to be on your way.'

This Stirling philosophy is perhaps best summed up in the story of P for Peter from 149 Squadron based at Mildenhall. The date August 1943. The target Turin – lightly defended but the tall Alps could get very close to the Stirling's belly even at her maximum height. The crew went through all the rituals No one had been stupid enough to take home the Chop Girl – a Mildenhall local whose aircrew escorts never seemed to survive the courtship. P for Peter took off normally – for a Stirling that is.

Setting off in a bombed-up Stirling was always something of an adventure. It was not that she lacked power, but that its application often went awry. The Exactor throttle linkages were controlled by a column of unpressurised liquid which was very prone to lag. Sometimes a pilot would ram all four throttles forward and obtain no rev increase at all. On other occasions the increase would occur three or four seconds later. This fault had the secondary hazard of causing the plane to swerve violently on take-off. There was no way of anticipating the swerve. The pilot set all four throttles to maximum but would often find that one side was developing much more power than the other. This only became apparent when she unstuck. There were many accidents at take-off.

Peter settled down for Turin, the picturesque mountains and the Italian moonlight. She had a good crew. Pilot and co-pilot talked occasionally and ran their eyes repeatedly over the central instrument panels of a simple layout in their 'glasshouse' just forward of the leading edge of the bomb bay. Just behind them the navigator/bomb aimer counted calculator discs and the wireless operator listened in on a world outside. The flight engineer was, as always, calculating and pumping fuel from one tank to another to keep her level. Twenty yards behind, the tail gunner scanned the night. Forward and dorsal turrets were similarly occupied. Peter began a shallow descent to Turin.

Suddenly the anti-aircraft fire ceased. The rear gunner yelled what the rest suspected. There was a gaggle of fighters astern. Even though they were not on target, the captain had no alternative but to release his bombs and take evasive action. He steepened his dive over the city's outskirts and flattened out low to the ground. It was then that he saw the two chimneys. They stood a menacing 200 feet tall and right in his path. He could only go through by running the port wing tip close to one and hoping that the other tip – 99 feet away – would make it. It did, but one of the Messerschmitts was not so lucky. In trying to cut inside Peter's line he struck the chimney and exploded.

The screaming power of the dive to shelter had not been kind to the Stirling's engines. The inner starboard suddenly seized so violently that its prop was shattered. A piece of debris smashed one tail plane. The fighters were still there. They had sheered off and were now swinging back to attack broadside. One of them got the angle and deflection right. The shells ripped away part of the port wing and set the outer engine ablaze. As the flight engineer slammed on the Graviner switch to douse the blaze, the pilot fought to pull up the dead wing.

A cannon shell exploded against the radio bulkhead; another tore most of the instruments apart. The cabin was filled with smoke which soon began to seep under the edges of badly fitting oxygen masks. The front gunner eased his way up the steps and picked up torch and first aid kit. He knew that the second pilot had been burned. En route he crawled under the oxygen bottle stowage to check on the mid upper gunner. As he tugged his sleeve he fell lifeless from the turret seat. Even his straps had been torn apart. The stench of blood and urine guided the torch to where the flight engineer had been smashed out of his seat by a cannon shell.

The rear gunner had himself been occupied, he could only guess what had been going on up front. He recalls those few minutes and those fighters vividly. 'I was cold, dead cold as he came in. As I squeezed the trigger, there was a blue flash and he vanished. Just vanished! I was not pleased. I was angry. I thought, there are 10,000 rounds aboard this tub. The next bastard gets the lot.'

The pilots flew Peter home by lashing a couple of parachute straps around the columns and by threading her through the Alps that she could not climb over. Both pilots are still alive. When pressed they tell their story very modestly. They relate the adventure as a normal day in war. There are a thousand such Stirling stories, entirely true, mostly unpublished, but backed by a number of awards for gallantry including two Victoria Crosses.

The first of these was awarded to Flight

turn to page 74

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ANNA

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appears in a beach scene filmed in Sardinia. A film buff, she relished the opportunity of a first cinematic appearance. Off the Bond set, however, she prefers the work of the violence-minded director Sam Peckinpah. 'It's not that I like violence,' she hastens to make clear. 'It's more his technique I admire.' The quality of his erotic scenes also appeals. 'I am a sensual person,' insists Anna, 'but choosy. I can't stand men who come on all tough and butch. There are a very rare few who might be thought 'poofy' by all the tough guys but who are gentle and compassionate and have some awareness of feelings. Those are the men for me.' Her views on sex are just as forthright. 'It'll enhance a good relationship,' she says, 'but it won't necessarily save a bad one.' Firmness of mind was an attribute that did not make

for a quiet life during Anna's schooldays, terminated at the age of 18 with one A-level and six Os. She went to the celebrated Grey Coat Hospital Church of England Girls' School in Victoria in London and did not enjoy it. 'It was so strict and old-fashioned. You had to do silly things like wearing little straw boaters with ribbons round the brim in summer.' Though the thought of sixth former Anna in school uniform might inflame many a male imagination, her view was rather different. 'You wouldn't get me back in that uniform in a million years,' she avers. 'I used to get dirty looks from the mistresses for not wearing a bra.' In fact she never has worn a bra. 'I don't *need* one. My boobs are firm and round, so why should I try and boost them artificially?' Her tastes are similarly straightforward. Curry to eat and white wine to drink. 'It's about all I ever drink; I can't stand beer or spirits, and I don't like red wine very much.' And entertainment? 'Perhaps a film or a meal. I find discotheques very boring. Really I'm very cheap to take out!'

Stirling

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Sergeant R H Middleton RAAF of 149 Squadron. On one of the raids on Turin in the Summer of 1942, the young pilot had some difficulty in coaxing his Stirling over the Alps. She was using far too much fuel for safety. They might not get home. Middleton ignored this even though he had to make several runs across the city before he could identify his target. On the third of these the Stirling was hit in the main planes.

Then a shell tore into the fuselage and burst in the cockpit. A piece of flying metal tore out Middleton's right eye and other pieces penetrated his legs and chest. The aircraft was down to 800 feet before co-pilot Hyder got her under control. In that time the gunners scored more hits. As soon as he regained consciousness, Middleton insisted on taking over so that Hyder could have his own wounds attended.

The Stirling, low on fuel and with windscreen badly shattered, limped back over the Alps. She was hit again flying over France.

Middleton must have known that he could not land her and he himself was too weak to jump even if he could reach the safety of England. He flew the Stirling along the coast until five of his crew were out. Two insisted on staying with him. Their bodies were recovered next day. Middleton died at the controls.

On August 12, 1943, Flight Sergeant Aaron headed EF 452 (code named O-Oboe) from 218's base at Marham also to Turin. Over the target the plane was attacked by a fighter. She was badly damaged in a number of places and was soon minus three engines, windscreen and elevators. Aaron had part of his jaw torn away, a broken right arm and a bullet in his lungs. The bomb aimer was the only one capable of taking the controls. Using his left hand, Aaron wrote directions so that the bomb aimer could fly Oboe. Between them they coaxed it to Bone in North Africa. Tragically, Aaron later died of his wounds. The citation for his VC reads 'an example of devotion to duty which has seldom been equalled and never surpassed.'

There is also another side to war, a side contained between the lines of the station commanding officers' personal reports on the performance of crews. It is a story of aircraft returning early for a variety of petty reasons – some as simple as a radio operator forgetting to change a faulty valve and neglecting to pack a spare. It is right that such stories are not published for many of the participants still lead normal working lives and we should never forget that a Stirling crew had only a one in four chance of surviving a full tour of operations.

From the standpoint of today, we could not possibly understand, for example, the anguished feelings of a rear gunner whose turret was almost sliced off over the target area. It hung hinged by its floor but slipping gradually lower. Each time the Stirling hit a patch of turbulence the hinge opened a little more. The gunner had no intercom and no hope of jumping out. Three hours later, the Stirling got down at Mildenhall and the turret bounced and rolled away like a ball. The gunner stepped out apparently unhurt. He never flew again. Two weeks later his hair had turned from brown to the snowy white of an old man.

A glimpse of the many similar problems is contained in conversation with a Group Captain who commanded 149 at Mildenhall.

'You must not compare Stirlings with modern heavy aircraft. Today's captains have a technically perfect machine and thousands of hours training. The Stirling weighed 30 tons and had over 60,000 parts not put in by trained air engineers but by semi-skilled workers operating whilst worried about air raids and other things. Often the builders were girls who did not even understand screwdrivers let alone the Constant Speed Unit they were assembling. We had aircraft crash because someone put a manifold gasket on upside down and a whole crew killed because there were two nitrogen bottles in the oxygen rack. You then loaded this machine – difficult to fly anyway – with bombs and highly inflammable fuel and gave it to a pilot with less than 200 hours in his log. It puts the thing in different perspective, doesn't it?'

The construction problem was aggravated by the wartime need for dispersal. When a raid destroyed six completed Stirlings at Rochester (August 9, 1940) the Ministry established a team of 600 engineers and draughtsmen who travelled throughout Britain helping to construct parts for assembly at major factories. Of the 2,371 Stirlings which flew, Shorts of Rochester made 538, Short and Harland (Belfast) turned out 1,213 and the final 620 came from Austin Motors.

The Stirling was involved in all the major bombing campaigns. It got very close to the *Scharnhorst* in Brest, took part in the three Thousand Bomber Raids and the Stirlings of No 7 Squadron were amongst the elite of the first Pathfinder Force. During 1943, the Stirling was gradually replaced by the Lancaster which required fewer people to build, to fly and to maintain. Statistics also showed it to be delivering 132 tons of bombs for each aircraft lost as opposed to a mere 41 tons by the Stirling. Inevitably Britain's first four-engined bomber was downgraded to Transport Command and used for towing gliders and dropping supplies.

The final Stirling was a solitary Mark V code named S 37 and dubbed the 'Silver Stirling' because of its colour. Shorts converted it with an eye to the post-war commercial market, but other planes were more attractive. Many Stirlings were scrapped. A dozen or so were sold to a Belgian company but were soon phased out. Today there is not a single Stirling remaining. No museum has one and no one has written a book or a film to record its service with 11 bomber squadrons and its 18,440 sorties into enemy territory. The Stirling truly roared into existence like a lion and went out without even the whimper of a lamb.

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ILLUSTRATION BY EAN TAYLOR

When baldness threatens, most men need a consoling philosophy. But comfort lies in the thought that millions more suffer too

BALDNESS BE MY FRIEND

By Peter Martin

Oscar has a favourite moment. It comes in the early morning. He's just left his modest limousine for the attendant, Reg, to park. He's already walked the few paces across to the building where he works and he is skipping up the panoramically wide steps to that building, skipping up them light-footed, fit, eager, no briefcase . . . The early-arriving exec, no less, silk tie a-flap, hands dug sportily in his pockets, happily confident that the black glass doors will open-says-me automatically.

If Oscar loves that moment it's because he's in his early prime. In less than two decades he's come from a sgl furn/shr bth bedsit to two houses, antiques for the display of, a taste for Dutch gin and special import Havanas, flunkies to park his car, the chunky gold watchband nicely joggly on his wrist.

Only one thing can wreck it. Wreck so utterly that Oscar, brain imploded, goes momentarily berserk, amok, whimpering and blaspheming, eyes zunking up into his skull like fruit machine lemons. It's the humiliation of a slight breeze lifting his thinning top hair to remind him that, despite it all, he is going bald.

Oscar's convinced, and he's probably correct, that his attitude to going bald is about normal. No man wants to care about it. It's just that he does now and then – in flashes, odd wonderings, and in the occasional dream. Oscar's main anguish, in those moments, is that he cares so damned much. Some mornings when the rain's made his hair all ratty, for instance, he'll arrive at work and dive straight for the gents via the back stairs . . . to dry his hair on the roller towel, keeping a keen ear for approaching footsteps. Hair properly arranged, he'll then proceed to his deep-pile office with its antique desk lamp, drinks cabinet and the reliable subservience of the delicious Miss Brown. 'Good morning, Miss Brown,' zestfully. 'Good morning, Sir.' Oscar back on top.

Oscar is chuckling about the above little episode, laughing at the cringing image of himself with damp hair as he sits, now with dry hair, in an antique armchair, *chez* Oscar, on his second balloon of brandy. One theory he has is that most bald men

are experts on hair loss in general and other men's baldness in particular. Oscar, for instance, is a terrific toupé-spotter – at up to 25 paces. Reginald Bosanquet – most definitely. What's really sad, though, he says, is when you read about famous baldies who say they don't care. Bobby Charlton. He says he doesn't care. Charlton only has this sort of pelmet of hair left but he takes the trouble to grow it a yard long on one side and then, in the changing room, he scoops it all over the top and comb-grafts it above the far ear. Then the whistle blows and it's hanging off all anyhow like a broken eagle's wing . . . and he says he doesn't care! Oscar now settling back in his chair, somewhat embarrassed at his own viciousness.

Recently Oscar came across an horrendous statistic. Baldness, according to the World Health Organization, causes more suicides than blindness. And that's a *weird* statistic, really.

A chilling statistic nevertheless. Oscar supposes, with the air of a man who would prefer to keep things objective, he *supposes* that sexual terror must be a critical factor. He *knows* so, actually, but, rather than have anyone think his own sufferings are merely the male equivalent of leaping up on a stool to avoid a mouse, he's going to put it all into its *proper* perspective . . . Via the first prehistoric lad ever to make the connection, *doink*, between his own surprising sproutings of pubertal wire and the onset of manhood. Via the awareness that what Delilah did to Samson somehow hit below the belt. Via his third brandy, in fact, and through all the hairy psychotics of literature and history, of which Oscar's favourite is Jahansuz the World Burner, a pre-Genghis Khan, Stalin-plus unholy terror who beat up the whole of Afghanistan and had slavegirls comb his legs. Power! Virility! *Hair!* Werewolves! Rasputin! Right through, even, and Oscar finds this particularly depressing, right through to the more effete but undeniably virile connotations attendant upon the tressed modern male.

An offshoot of the latter, in fact, has been Oscar's confusion these past few years about how and where to get his hair suitably cut. He pines for the manner of the old-style barber: 'We seem, Sir, to be suffering from a slight, ah, hairfall.' So much nicer than going bald. Trouble is, Oscar feels the need these days for something more *au courant* really, than a short back and sides. Those male hairdressing places he's tried, all diaphanous shirtings and hard rock, but he just can't bear those surly salon cowboys. Trendy bastards. Oscar's sure they wouldn't take it out on him so much if he wore jeans and silks or if he wasn't, just, on the urbane side of 40. Like many a balding man, Oscar has this little mannerism. A tickle of the fingers over the scalp, carefully but quickly, to ensure his thinning hair is placed for maximum coverage. It's a furtive thing. Which, as masculine gestures go, probably makes it unique. If you rarely see a man do it, Oscar suggests, it's because the moment is always carefully chosen. To be caught *caring* about your lack of hair! Pathetic.

Oscar remembers catching a man at it once in a much-mirrored gents. Tilting his scalp forward to check the reflection, the man lifted his hand to his parting but, instead of moving his fingers, he pirouetted his whole self *under* his hand like a Flamenco dancer, his sparse hair gentling itself against his fingers as he spun around. Now facing a mirror which a second ago had been behind him, the man appraised his new reflection with added confidence. Oscar, in the gents, dropped his eyes but not soon enough.

Oscar has been 'balding', as they say, for about 20 years and he's bloody fed up with it. Like most men, he cringes at the idea of toupées and trichologists. Well, all right, he did visit a trichologist – once. A very posh one, who wanted straightaway to start Oscar on a course of different lotions in different coloured bottles. Oscar sensed it was a con and the trichologist, sensing what Oscar had sensed, tried to 'close' Oscar by casually imparting a few bits of professional lore. Told him that one of the commonest ploys, even among real bruisers who come on all brag and dirty boots, is to say that you've come because the wife or the girlfriend insisted, haha. Ha, well, Oscar himself had almost essayed that tactic. The only moment Oscar came near getting out his cheque book was when the trichologist used the phrase 'hair care' or, more precisely, 'hhhhair caaaaaaaare', so . . . tenderly. A bit faggy, perhaps, but for an

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

It was eleven o'clock at night and the car park at the country pub was full, and waiting, just out of sight, was a police car.
Suddenly, through the pub doors staggered the figure of a man. As he stumbled across the car park he fell flat on his face, picked himself up, lurched to the side and fumbled in his pocket for his car keys. After ten minutes he finally managed to get the key in the door and flopped down in the driver's seat.
Eventually, having narrowly missed two or three cars in the car park, he tore down the road with the police car in hot pursuit.
After two or three miles of dodging and weaving the police finally managed to pull him over.
'Would you mind blowing into this?' said one of the officers as he handed over the plastic breathalyser bag.
To the amazement of the police the test proved negative. The motorist was stone cold sober.
'Right, sir,' said the policeman, 'name and occupation, please.'
'Joseph Smith,' replied the motorist, 'professional decoy.'

An astronaut landed on a strange planet and was greeted by the sight of a beautiful naked girl standing by a large cauldron stirring it with a large stick.
'Hello,' he said, 'I'm an astronaut from the planet earth and I'm here to learn about your world. What are you doing?'
'I'm making a baby,' she answered, and at that moment a baby crawled out of the cauldron.
'That's fantastic,' said the explorer. 'Would you like me to show you how we make babies on earth?' he asked as he eyed the voluptuous extraterrestrial.
The girl readily agreed and the astronaut stripped off his spacesuit and proceeded to do his best.
'That was wonderful,' she said as they lay side by side afterwards, 'but where is the baby?'
'Oh, that comes nine months later,' said the astronaut.
'Then,' said the girl, 'why did you stop stirring?'

Two female ostriches were talking one day on the edge of the desert when they noticed a male ostrich on the crest of a hill, a short distance away. Not feeling like any they began to run, but the male ostrich seeing this started after them, gathering speed rapidly.
The two females looked around and realised it was of little use running further as the male ostrich was gaining ground rapidly. Very quickly they stopped and buried their heads deep in the sand. The male ostrich upon coming to the spot where they were, screeched to a halt, looked around in amazement and said: 'Where the hell did they go?'

The wily youth bowed his head in the confessional and asked for forgiveness.
'What is your sin?' asked the priest.
'I have slept with one of the women from the church, father.'
'Who was it my son?' asked the priest.
'Forgive me father, but I don't think I can betray her identity to you.'
'I must know, to help you both,' said the prelate. 'Was it Mrs Patrick?'
'No father,' said the youth.
'Was it Mrs Jones?'
'No, I can't say.'
'Come, come, my son. Was it the new lady in the congregation, Mrs Davies?'
'No, I can't say,' said the lad.
The priest finally gave up, absolved him and the youth left the church. Outside he was greeted by his friend.
'Did you get absolved?' asked his chum.
'Yeah, and I also got three sure certs.'

After many weeks of trying, the company director finally managed to persuade his new secretary to drop her panties and bend over his couch.
On arriving home rather late his wife demanded to know where he'd been.
'I've been at the office,' said the director, 'working like a dog.'

Robin Day was having difficulty extracting straight answers from the well-known politician.
'We're getting nowhere,' chided Mr Day, 'perhaps if you could give me just one straight answer, it would set a precedent. Tell me then, what's your favourite colour?'
'Tartan,' replied the politician.

An eminent eye surgeon was retiring and it was decided to have his portrait painted as a farewell present.
The day of the unveiling arrived and everyone sat with bated breath as the curtains were drawn back around the portrait. Murmurs of discontent went up around the room, for lo, on the canvas all that could be seen was a large eye. The noise subsided when the artist stepped forward and pointed out that in the pupil of the eye was a reflection, a perfect portrait.
At the back of the room one of the guards turned to his partner and said 'Good job he wasn't a gynaecologist.'

How easily Ernie arouses
The passions of other men's spouses.
It seems that the reason
They find him so pleasin'
Is that bump in the front of his trousers.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

Baldness be my friend

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instant, there, Oscar felt he was right back in the womb, head as soft and bald as a lightly boiled egg and not one milli-dilli-millimetre of his hair potential yet spent.

Four years back that was. Oscar's done nothing about his hair since. Sure, he often comes home with special shampoos and conditioners and he'll treat himself to the odd horn comb and he's already got a nice Mason Pearson hairbrush but he just can't bring himself to do any more. Never will. It's not bloody-mindedness. He's sort of mesmerised by his hair falling out. Rather like his father's refusal ever to get down an air raid shelter in the last lot . . . as if it was indecent, *yes*, that's the word, *indecent* to interfere with inevitabilities.

There's Oscar in the photo on his desk in the study – the school Second Eleven cricket team, Oscar aged 15, in plimsolls and 'flannels' of hard cotton from the Co-op and, under the huge schoolboy hairy quiff, two slightly receding avenues. It stayed like that till he was about 21. He was in the bath shampooing, mid-rinse with his hair centre-parted like Aubrey Beardsley caught in a downpour, *whoah*, and there it was! In the mirror. A flesh-creamy area visible top dead-centre. Then it became visible, just, with the hair dry. Next thing, ohmygod, was catching sight of it in a shop window. Very depressing. If any shop window could mirror the awfulness so cruelly, how much more obvious to the world at large! Later Oscar was driving along at night with someone behind him with their headlights on but dipped and he suddenly glimpsed the creamy spectre of old age right there in his own shadowy driving mirror.

Far worse, though, these days, are the little public agonies. Being looked down upon from the top deck of a bus, especially when the rain has pasted the hair into ratty slats across the wet skull nakedness; or alternatively, to be the last one in the bus queue to still have your brolly up. Standing in the underground when one of those freak hurricanes so ravages your hair that only a complete comb job would put it right . . . *and*, because you just can't bring yourself to do a complete combing in public, especially not that bit where you have to guess where to hook the parting, and perhaps get it wrong and have to do it *again*, you just have to stand there *rigor mortified*, hair all awry and gaping pink patches.

Then there are those godawful moments at a party. Never stoop for a cashew nut. Otherwise, on straightening up, you realise that the lady you're talking to is on tiptoe, still *looking* at it, aghast but in a killingly kindly way. Backlighting is like getting the third degree: ve haf vays of makink your head tell ze truth! On holiday . . . do you expose your baldness to the sun on a public beach or live in dread of a small breeze introducing to the public gaze those sickly white avenues lurking there under your precarious quiff? Do you do a sedate breaststroke or do you *dive* in, dammit, to crash splash thrash through some spectacular limbwork only to emerge, eventually, looking like you've got a white saucer on top of your head? Oscar, now fidgety with contemplating such humiliating options, clean-jerks himself from his chair to set out another drink.

There are the dreams, of course, the awful dreams. But first Oscar wishes, once again, to put things in their proper perspective. Twenty years of balding experience equals about seven years spent asleep and in all that time he's only had – what? – about half a dozen such experiences. And only irregularly, remember, does the technicolor lava of the subconscious manage to burst through into grey waking life. This last point is actually against him. Never mind.

In the Parting Dream Oscar was combing his hair in front of the mirror. *Centre-parted*, however, just as it looked in that first horror-shock rinsing in the bath. So, Oscar's combing away when the parting begins to widen . . . wider, the hair slipping floorwards on each side.

The Sloppy Pate Dream was where Oscar noticed, again in front of the mirror, not only that his bald patch was off-centre. It was also locusting at an alarming rate towards the near ear. A variation was when Oscar discovered himself going irregularly bald, a patch here below the parting, another on the other side behind the ear. The worst thing was the sickening shine of these irrevocably bald areas. Especially awful, though, was the Waking Up Bald Dream! Oscar dreaming he'd come awake bolt upright, leaving all his hair like a shroud on the pillow. Then, says Oscar clenching his eyebrows around finger and thumb, he tried snuggling his head back into this shroud of hair, praying for it to re-take, *please*, like a demented auctioneer.

The only other dream Oscar's going to admit to is one of Naked Shame. The panic factor, apparently, was Oscar's inability to keep both his baldness and his genitals covered, going at his twin task like a tic-tac man until he resolved it by, first, dumping whatever else he was supposed to be doing and, secondly, coming to rest with one hand on top, one below. Still not much fun, though, Oscar says chuckling, stuck in the rush hour crowds with no ticket pocket, of course, and your train just leaving . . . or quivering naked in the middle of Wembley Stadium with some diabolical figure like the Queen Mum in stiletto-heeled jackboots coming down the line . . . shaking every player's hand.

Oscar's face gets a sudden updraft of seriousness. No, the bloody awful thing is, unlike allowing yourself to get fat or, come to that, unlike any of the other ways men surrender early to the socio-sexual menopause, is that you just can't *help* losing your hair.

Quite right. What a man actually inherits, however, is only a *tendency* to baldness from one or both sides of his family. It's his own male hormones which actually trigger the gene to wreak its havoc. Balding genes are not sex-linked genes. A woman can similarly inherit them but

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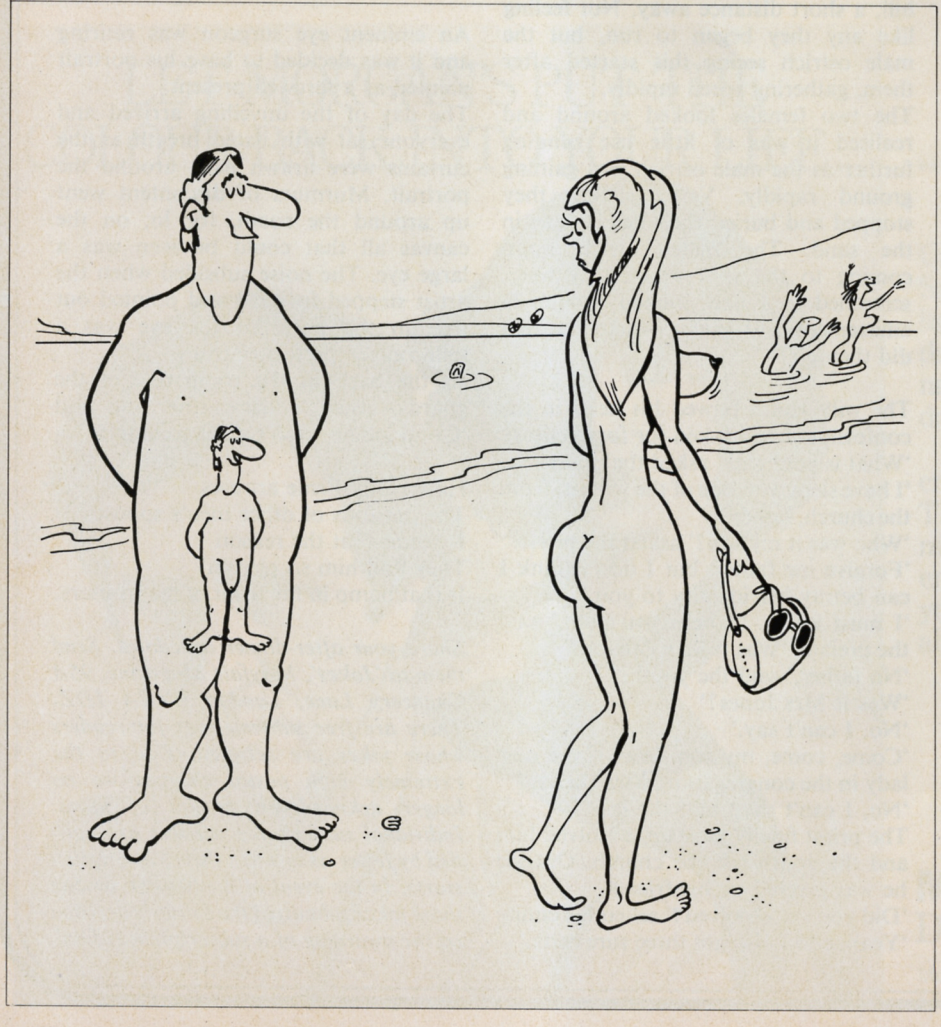


WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Illustrated by Ronald Cobb

No. 8

Butter-fingered Brendas, try though they might,
Just can't be careful, can't get things right.
Out of the bathtub the towel's out of reach
And bras go adrift when they're down at the beach.
So kiss and caress them and treat them with charm;
Insist that their mishaps don't cause you alarm.
Transfer their energy into your bed
For proof of the truth in these words you have read,
For passionate Brenda, so eager and willing
Will prove as a lover so pleasing and thrilling.
Just remember that stockings, suspenders – and more
Can't break into bits as they fall on the floor.

Baldness be my friend

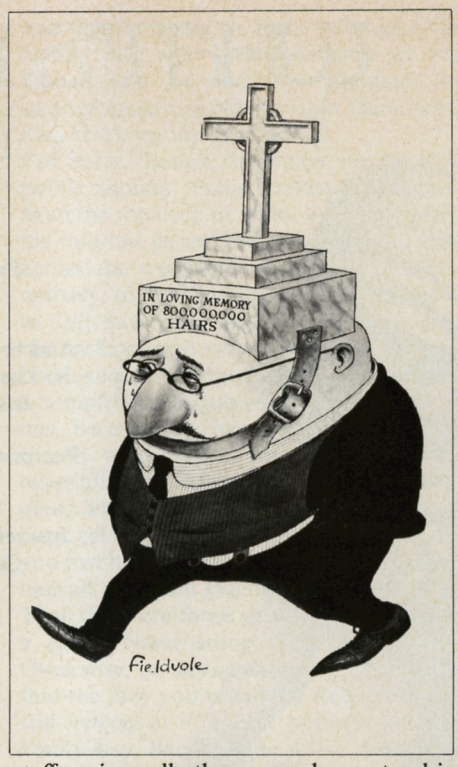
continued from page 80

usually her male hormones are too few to super-induce them into activity. If a woman suffers more than a late thinning, it's usually because of trauma, disease or physical malfunction. For an example of the latter, adrenal gland complications sometimes let loose an excess of male hormones which then go to work on the lady's balding genes. All anyone with hereditary baldness can sensibly do is slow down the fall by ensuring the scalp is in the best possible condition. Only by drastic means, and with dire side effects, is hereditary baldness reversible. Castration works. Hippocrates noted that eunuchs never went bald; and a recent American study of men who'd suffered castration injuries in their youth confirmed the fact. Medical science, ever rigorous, has also demonstrated that if you take a set of male twins who have an hereditary tendency to baldness and inject one with male hormones he will go bald more quickly than his brother.

Coming at the problem from the other direction, a man could dampen the precipitating effect which his male hormones have on his balding gene(s) by gulping female hormones. Trouble is, or as male-to-female transexuals know to their alleged delight, the chap will also grow breasts, his hips will thicken, his voice may alter alto and, stereotypically speaking, the edge will go off his aggression, ie his hormonal turmoil, as does a woman's periodically, induces lethargy.

Applying female hormones *externally* has been known to work, if rarely and *not* on men with hereditary baldness, but such treatments are very hit and miss and can be quite dangerous. A few years back there was a much-reported case of a bald man who worked with battery hens and whose hair suddenly grew anew. Something to do with the female hormones in the chicken droppings and the man's habit, between bouts of shovelling, of passing his hand over his head. At least one tricholo-gist hurried down to the chicken factory, scooped up a sample of the claggy stuff and had it analysed. In lotion form, it's now quite widely and expensively available.

Oscar, while we were talking science, got a beady gleam in his eye as if he saw an opportunity to lay a ghost. Eventually, in a casual, roundabout way, he asked about the purported link between hair and virility. On the one hand there's the theory that more equals more. On the other, well, there's the kind of hairy-ape baldie you see on every beach, rising up out of the water like King Kong, hands hung as if he's about to rip up the breakwaters, blowing with the effort of his swim and flinging away great handfuls of salty mucus. Equally butch is his gleamy weapon of a head, the droplets sliding off it like rain off chromium. Bald as he is, from the eyebrows down he's covered in curly black hair, great matty swathes of it now obscenely water-flattened all over his hippo hulk, black weedy clags of it around his belly dripping pints of briney down over his skimpy trunks, ugh, this outrageously pubic



stuff going all the way down to his peculiarly trim ankles . . .

It's a myth. Oscar's obviously disappointed. There is no scientific evidence whatsoever to support his alleged status as the all-time underwear-shredding stud-brute lover. (What he and others may *believe* and, therefore, that which may *become* true is another matter.) There is, as we've seen, a correlation between hairfall and male hormones. The mistake is to imagine that the bald man has more male hormones, and thereby greater virility, than the hairy-headed fellow. All the bald man has extra is his genetic predisposition to baldness. And all that can be said for him, and it isn't much, is that he has more male hormones than the average woman, pre-adolescent boy and eunuch. Conversely, all the tress-ed male lacks is the genetic predisposition to baldness.

Oscar, gloomy, says his being 40 gives him the sneaky feeling that the permissive society, excuse the phrase, has somehow passed him by; and that his being bald . . . ing, ahem, has further disqualified him from joining the orgy. Take his secretary, Miss Brown. Oscar wishes he could, haha. No, seriously, for all her chat and chuckle, her attitude insists that he behave as of another generation. Oscar's aware of course that the 'permissive society' is largely a fiction. Of course, too, he's confident he could crack Miss Brown if he so wished. He values office morale and efficiency more, that's all. Nevertheless, Oscar has periodically contemplated some such ritual act as pouring himself into a pair of obscene jeans with the crotch scrubbed up white but, coming out of that fantasy, he feels it would be rather like running down an upcoming escalator – possible, spectacularly undignified, and therefore self-defeating. As bad, though in reverse, as getting a toupee. Ah, to hell with it. More brandy? After all, it's only the 'if only' syndrome – someone else's grass, haha. He concedes, too, that perhaps he envies, just a little, the apparent ability of younger blokes to relax, r-e-l-a-x, socially and sexually. I remind Oscar of his frantic search for the ideal barber. He is not amused. Says, anyway, that he can't stand dopey dollies. 'Hi, I'm Dolores. What day is it? Got any grass? Bet you're a Virgo. Virgos always stare at my tits.' Oscar, who's now 'between marriages', incidentally, prefers high-voltage nylons . . . the static crackle exactly reproducing itself on his own nerve ends.

The hour is late for such an early-rising exec but Oscar is standing his ground. Somewhat proprietorially, in fact, with his back to his fireplace, wearing the braggart's secret smile and struggling manfully to control his inner joy. The topic, lest you haven't guessed, is sex and baldness. One of the awful things, Oscar says, a tight grip on himself now, is women who actually find baldness endearing. Just crack up, they do, and deeply desirous of planting big auntie kisses. Lipstick smacks . . . up there! No, really seriously, one thing Oscar's discovered in his role as seducer is that you move on to another waveband. Only the other day a girl at the office blurted out, about her new man, that he wore glasses *just like her father*. Oscar, the knowing devil, had savoured the remark secretly. It's *like* that. You become aware, he says, that the girl is not exploring you but the similarities you have with her father. The baldness is only part of it. Suddenly, you seem to have a whole new range of sexual equipment at your disposal – your pipe tobacco, your funny vests, the odd laugh-line around the navel. True, girls don't fight to get at you any more but, if you can plough on, all these other advantages come into play. Oscar's philosophy is that it'll always be all right on the night. True, he says, with overwhelming modesty, some men can't make the switch. But, if you *can* stand being daddy, well . . . Naturally, there comes the odd moment when the lady feels *so* secure that the least thing she'd expect is . . . Oscar's smile, decoded, reads: 'Such things one overcomes.'

Withal, Oscar supposes that most of the little agonies of going bald exist only in the imagination. Mmm. Quite right. Foolish humanity. Oscar with his feet firmly planted on the Persian expounding the wisdom of living only in terms of reality . . . rational *and* intuitive reality, of course. Right on. Eventually, philosophy spent, Oscar returns to a signal story. Struggling to park his elegant motor car on one of those days when the gutter's full of kerb-stones, Oscar became aware of a girl watching him from inside a shop doorway. The pavement sloped up. Which meant the girl was looking down. Upon Oscar. Upon his head. Oscar frazzled and furious, hair *shot*, skull partially denuded. She watching. Couldn't bring himself to look at her. Not directly. So Oscar parks, winds up all the windows, checks all doors, feeds the meter – *performs*, in fact, with that air of efficiency peculiar to the embarrassed male who's trying to demonstrate he's not a fool. Finally, Oscar can't resist a look at the girl. It's a display dummy.

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Mandy Kuypers (right), holds warm memories for all who caught her 5 feet 6 inch, 37–24–36 in the centre of our Vol. 10 No. 6. Mandy came our way via the film *Percy's Progress*, in which she appeared, appropriately, as a beauty queen. Now Mandy strips again, in our sexiest, most erotic film yet. Dressed in a thigh-revealing, knicker-flashing leather mini, Mandy's a randy secretary whose boss just can't keep his mind on his work or his hands off the tight white knickers that scarcely conceal or constrain Mandy's mind-blowing bottom. Boob-fanciers too will find much to admire as her office misadventures leave Mandy deliciously bare. Magnificent Mandy is available in clear, large-image Super 8mm format and can be yours to enjoy again and again for only £7.75 fully inclusive of all postage and packing, which can't be too bad for a film which, judging from your comments so far, seems destined to become a landmark in arousing home entertainment. Get your order off now and you'll soon be enjoying Mandy at her randiest.

Caroline Dell is again available in Standard 8

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DIANE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Next time your bank statement credits you with one million pounds or the local electricity or gas board begin to threaten you with the might of the law if you do not instantly pay an outstanding bill of £0.0p, then spare a thought for the humble operator of the electronic brain responsible. She may well be 22-year-old Diane Frankland, comely computer operator at the London-based headquarters of an international computer firm. 'Actually,'

says Diane, 'though no one ever believes me when I say it, it's not usually the fault of the computer. It only does what you tell it and all the programmes are worked out and tested in the most incredible detail. The problems start when you try to get the computer to do things you haven't allowed for. One of my worst blunders was printing out the wage slips for a firm we work for. We worked out a programme for all their employees, but without warning they took over another firm and the numbers rose enormously. That overloaded the computer and all the wage slips came out negatively. All the staff ended up owing the firm huge sums of money! Luckily that one was spotted in time.' Diane developed her computing skills on an intensive polytechnic course in her native Bristol and after a recuperative tour of the continent took up her present job in London a little over six months ago. Sharing an upstairs flat in a row of terraces within strolling distance of Ealing Common, she is, she admits, 'still feeling my way about London;

it was a bit of a wrench leaving Bristol. I still think of my friends being there and I go back quite often. But I see myself as a city person deep down, so it really shouldn't make too much difference.' Enthusiasms away from the computer console include sunbathing her 34–23–34 inches, visiting the sauna ('Everyone gawps when I say that,' she grins, 'but a boyfriend first introduced me to it and there just isn't a better way of feeling so healthy and alive and fit') and listening to rock music. 'Luckily my flatmate is as keen as I am and we go quite regularly to places like Dingwalls and the Marquee. My favourite places, though, are music pubs like the Nashville in West Kensington and the Man in the Moon. They have incredibly friendly and exciting atmospheres. I must have a secret hankering to feel human again after computing all day!'

Rape of the Cucumbers

continued from page 36

'Your brains should be in a bucket,' Joe said, 'but I'll come over and wallow in your goodies while you hallucinate. Only don't mention Sadie Greenfield. Or cucumbers. Or marrows. Or sex orgies.'

'You don't have to come,' growled Henry. 'Maybe my wife'll be here and she hates your guts.'

'No fear of that,' chuckled Joe. 'Somehow you've scared your wife off for the weekend. I'll take a bet on that.'

'Just keep your hands off Samantha,' muttered Henry. 'She's beautiful and she's mine.'

'I'll have her in the cucumbers,' laughed Joe. 'See you.'

The girls were late. Henry had abstained for three hours but at 8.30 poured a tumbler of gin and tonic. He felt weak. Maybe Joe was right. Maybe he was hallucinating. Maybe there weren't any girls. No Sadie. No Suzanne. No Samantha. Joe would laugh. Where the hell was Joe? Another gin. He surveyed the buffet he had laid so splendidly. Felt sick. Poured more gin and tonic over ice.

The girls came over the fence across the lawn and through the French windows. Dressed now. Shorts and dimpled knees. Blouses.

Sadie smiling, friendly. 'Hi!'

'Hallo Henry,' said Samantha. Small, firm breasts. Eyes like dark green corn.

'Henry the prompt party-thrower,' said Suzanne surveying the spread.

Henry was mixing drinks when Joe came. Through the French windows and stopped, framed in the doorway. His lean face a mask of disbelief.

'What the hell!' he said.

It was Henry's moment of triumph.

'Didn't think you were coming, Joe,' he said. He handed drinks around. Neat and cool now in blue and white check slacks and a brass buttoned blazer enfolding his pendulous stomach.

'What the *bloody* hell!' said Joe.

'Sadie and Samantha and Suzanne,' said Henry. 'If you think you're hallucinating go home and go to bed.'

'I'll stay here and go to bed,' said Joe, lasciviously. He whirled into the room with a *tour en l'air*. 'You're a marvel, Henry, a bloody marvel.' He kissed each girl on the hand. Graceful, Gracious. The ballet dancer.

'Him handsome,' said Sadie.

'Him sexy,' said Samantha.

'Him mine,' said Suzanne. Tall as Joe. Draped an arm around his neck. Kissed him.

'Hey!' said Henry, piqued.

'Go water your cucumbers Henry,' grinned Joe. Looking at Samantha. Looking at Sadie. 'Wants all three of 'em,' thought Henry bitterly.

'I water Henry's cucumbers,' said Sadie. Standing there straight, firm brown legs together at attention. Like a guardsman. Defending Henry and his cucumbers. 'Nobody messes with Henry's cucumbers.' Looking at Henry. Lips pouting. Kissing him through six feet of lamplit living room. Joe chuckled. Handed Henry his empty glass. 'I want to drink to Sadie,' he said. 'The girl I didn't believe. The girl who waters moonlit cucumbers in the am. I want to drink to you, Henry. To your superior talents. Your taste in fresh young womanhood. The arcane charm that lures beauty to your side, you repulsive slob.'

'Modify the insults,' said Henry smugly. He felt great. He didn't feel flat-footed, fat and forty. He felt astute. Irresistible. Butch Cassidy. The Sundance Kid. He poured drinks. Handed round cold cuts. Popped champagne, poured it into slender goblets. Samantha said: 'I have a slight business acquaintance with your wife, Henry. Charming. A little tyrannical, perhaps.'

'Tyrannical,' nodded Henry, faintly surprised.

'Had to call her today about a fashion layout I'm doing,' Samantha said. 'Very critical. But I have to laugh at the story you conjured up to keep her away for the weekend.'

'So we could have our party,' murmured Suzanne. Cozy. Looking at him. Eyes of adoration.

'You're so sweet, Henry,' said Sadie. 'We'll never, *never* let on. Won't breathe a word to your wife about it.'

'His wife knows some of Henry's little deceptions,' roared Joe. 'Thinks he's a harmless idiot. Figures he couldn't get laid in a whorehouse with a fistful of five pound notes.'

'Balls!' said Henry.

'I guessed you'd spun her a yarn, Harry boy – but what the hell was it?' asked Joe.

'The story I told her?' Henry grinned, gulping gin and tonic. He couldn't remember what it was. Didn't want to remember. Raindrops keep fallin' on my head . . .

'Let's get the party off the ground,' he said. A sex orgy. It made him nervous. To hell with gin and tonic. Sickly. He poured himself a tumbler of Scotch over ice cubes. Put a moist, plump hand on Samantha's thigh. Kissed her.

'Aah!' said Samantha, unsmothered. She got up and walked to the French windows.

'Kiss *me*,' said Suzanne coming up behind Henry. Nibbling his ear. Henry kissed her. Scalp tingling. Tongue in mouth. Hard nipples. Suzanne stepped back. Smiling. Sardonic.

'You remind me of someone,' said Henry, breathless.

'My sister, maybe.' She sipped champagne appreciatively. 'Delicious,' she murmured. 'Nothing but the best, Henry?'

'Gives me heartburn,' said Henry reaching for ice, heavy-handing Scotch into his glass. 'Your sister?'

'She worked in your office once,' said Suzanne. 'Quite young at the time. Sixteen. You naughty man!'

'Naughty?' chuckled Henry, gulping his drink. 'Me?'

'You told her about your marrows and your cucumbers,' she smiled, eyes smouldering, lips seductive. 'Made it into a sort of sex saga. You seduced her. You laid her for the first time.'

Henry remembered. It was the only time his ploy had been successful. He often used the biological function of his favourite plants as an innocent introduction to sex. Never before or since had it led to his venery.

'There have been so many girls,' he shrugged, lying. 'They seem to dig a little suggestive sex. Turns 'em on.'

'Would you like to turn me on Henry?' said Suzanne. She was unbuttoning her blouse. The top of Henry's head was turbulent.

Her blouse fell open. Henry swallowed his

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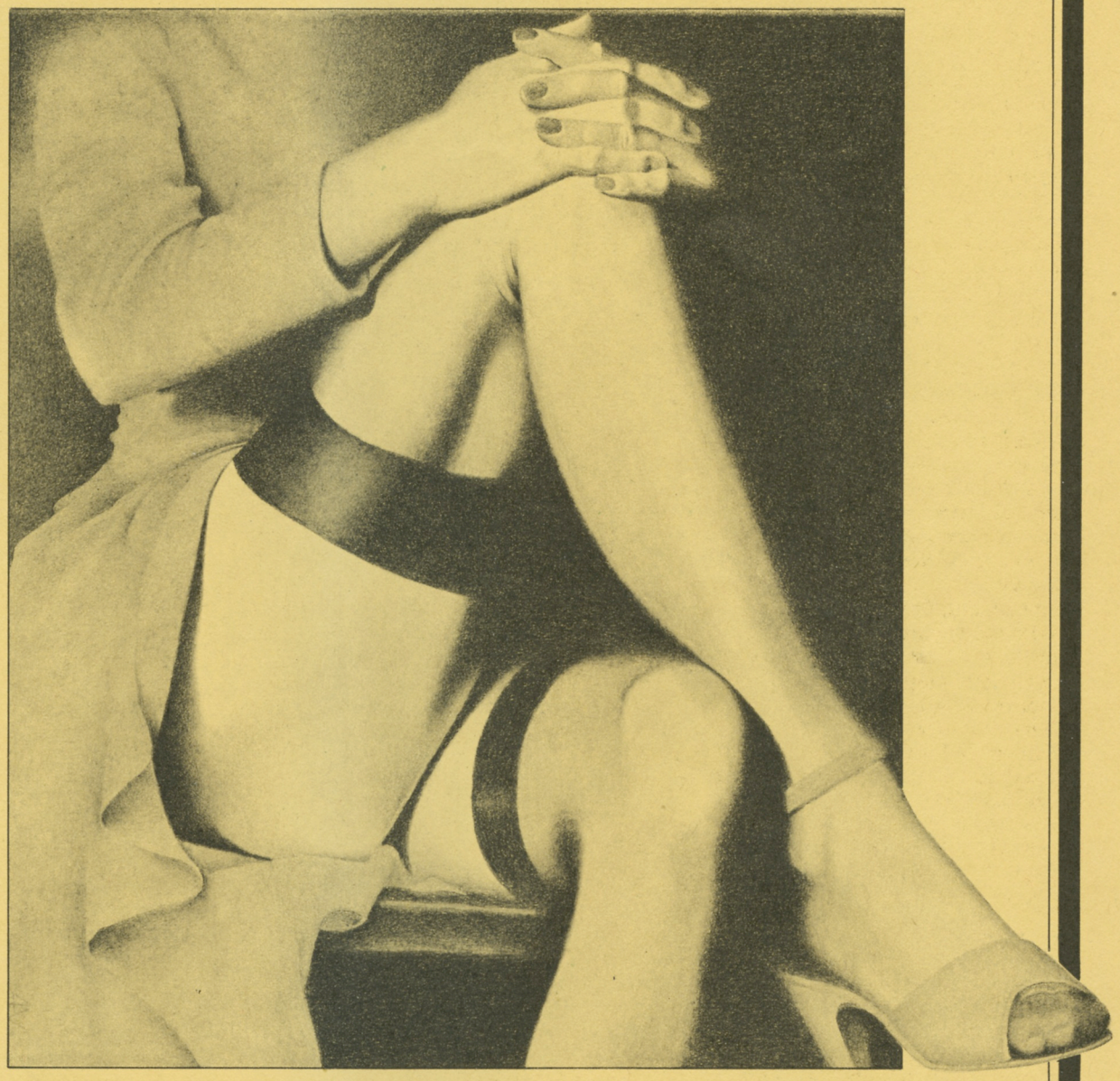
'Excuse me. I wonder, could you shoot somebody else. I wasn't ready.'



QUEST

The laboratory of human response
Volume Nine

The erotic appeal of uniforms has long been recognised as one of the most potent areas of the human sexual response – schoolgirls' and nurses' being well to the fore. This month Quest investigates the role played by nurses in the fulfilment of sexual fantasies, and the 'excuse factors' which are needed to make those fantasies come true.

INTRODUCTION

For many men the woman in uniform is a particularly powerful sexual stimulus. Somehow the slightly dehumanising effect of rough serge or stiffly starched material serves to emphasise the rounded feminity of the girl beneath. This contrast is perhaps most pronounced in the uniform of the nurse. Both a figure of authority and of feminine comfort, she is also far more knowledgeable than most other young women of her age of the body's most intimate functions. The image conjured by all this can be a very potent one, sexually, as shown in each of this month's interviews. While two of the uniformed women involved tended to look askance at their male partners' desire to include the uniform as an important part of the sexual act, another – perhaps more maturely – accepted her partner's need for it as a release for some of the most private and powerful feelings of both of them.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Housewife, 27 years old, brunette, town of origin Kidderminster**

This interviewee, an attractive and serious-minded girl, had trained as a nurse after leaving school and worked in the profession for nearly two years before taking up secretarial work. She was recently married.

Quest: It seems odd that sex should have made you give up what appeared to be a promising career.

Housewife: It wasn't just sex. That was only a symptom. Every nurse has a crisis phase. Mine just happened to coincide with the sex thing.

Quest: What sort of crisis?

Housewife: Oh, deciding you're there to do a job first and care for people afterwards – that's not as callous as it sounds; you're not much use to a sick person if you spend all your spare time worrying about them. I couldn't detach myself. I wasn't mature enough; I just thought I was. I'm a very emotional person. But I think I could cope now.

Quest: You seem a very sensible kind of girl to have had sex on the ward.

Housewife: It wasn't on the ward, God forbid! Enough odd things go on behind the screens but I think that would be exceptional. No, whatever sex happened was in a private room. And that was exceptional enough. For me at any rate.

Quest: This was with the man, John?

Housewife: I first met John when he came into hospital, yes. He had fairly mild concussion after a traffic accident and he'd lost some blood, but there was a slight possibility of a hairline skull fracture and his company decided to give him a complete check-up. I was mainly on the private rooms then which is where he was sent.

Quest: And you were attracted to him?

Housewife: I noticed him; he was young, reasonably attractive, but I'd no idea if he was single or married. Really a hospital isn't a sexy place. There's a reasonable number of attractive men around, of course, but you usually don't look much beyond the doctors. By the time the patients are frisky enough to do much more than ogle you it's time for them to leave.

Quest: So what made John different?

Housewife: At first nothing. He was quite pleasant, that was all, and I had a very busy week. I couldn't have said more than a few words to him. Then we had the blood problem. He'd had a small transfusion just after being admitted. But he had quite an unusual blood group and developed a reaction; it looked much worse than it was and some antibiotics cleared it up almost at once, but it meant that he complained about feverishness late one evening and started burbling in his sleep later that night. And of course it was what he said that was so embarrassing.

Quest: In what way?

Housewife: I suppose if I'd been alone it might have been less important. But I was on my first night shift in that ward, a bit nervous, so I called in sister and she called down the house doctor, who took one look at him and prescribed the antibiotic shot, and that was when he began to talk in his sleep.

Quest: Saying what?

Housewife: Well, talking about me. Basically that he fancied me. Very basically, actually.

Quest: You can't remember the words?

Housewife: He said, 'What an arse . . . all that stiff, stretched starch . . . Christ I'd like to – to fuck that . . .' It was very mumbled.

Quest: But the message was clear?

Housewife: To everyone there.

Quest: Do you think he knew what he was doing?

Housewife: It was always a joke with us while we were together; he never did say. But if ever a man was going to mouth obscenities while pretending to be befuddled by fever it would be John.

Quest: That sounds like a grudging sort of affection.

Housewife: Reaction, I suppose. I was very involved with him for a time. It really was an obsession.

Quest: Because you were in love with him?

Housewife: I was sure I was, then, but it was really totally sexual. I wasn't very experienced at all. Everyone talks about nurses knowing everything all at once, unshockable. You've still got to live it.

Quest: You weren't a virgin, though?

Housewife: I'd slept with two men. One was a boy in the group I grew up with; if I hadn't left home we'd probably be married now. That just happened because we were all doing it. It was on holiday and it wasn't anything special. That was one of the reasons I went to teaching hospital. The other man was married — I met him at a party. We were both drunk and we went back to his place; he said his wife was away and she wasn't, and came down right in the middle. That put me off sex for quite a while. I thought I must be a latent nymphomaniac or something.

Quest: And John revived your interest?

Housewife: He was basically very smooth, intelligent – a bit like my married man – but really crude as well, at least towards me. I think I was fascinated by the contrast.

Quest: Crude by touching you up?

Housewife: Perhaps I mean blatant. I had to give him a blanket bath once which I wasn't looking forward to because I was aware of him by then. There were supposed to be two of us but the nurse I was with got called away suddenly and I found myself sponging his private parts; and he started to get the most enormous erection.

Quest: Had that ever happened before?

Housewife: Not with grown men. At first I thought he was as embarrassed as I was; he kept saying, 'I'm terribly sorry, there's nothing I can do about it,' and I was saying very briskly, 'You won't frighten me with that', but then there was that awful lull and as I sponged him I could feel the most hideous embarrassment completely take me over – it felt like my insides were melting.

Quest: Did you touch his penis?

Housewife: Eventually, only accidentally. My mind was going berserk. I had this picture in my mind of suddenly grabbing it with one hand and rubbing it feverishly with the other and then plunging it into my mouth or making it explode. In the end my hand just flicked it and it jerked and I practically ran out. That was when my partner came back in and John immediately covered himself again.

Quest: How did he react to all this?

Housewife: Obviously he was embarrassed because erections can happen like that for all sorts of reasons – it's most common with adolescents; it doesn't have to be raging desire. But I knew he was daring me to do something as well, either shriek and run or leap on him. It really was a bit of a shock; I wasn't very professional. And I felt enormously aware of him over the next few days.

Quest: But no other sex took place in hospital?

Housewife: John was discharged at the end of that week and he asked me out two or three weeks after that.

Quest: You willingly gave him your number?

Housewife: In a way I didn't want to. I think he frightened me a bit. I knew any date with him wouldn't be ordinary because of the way I felt; and I didn't know how seriously he felt. It could have been just an odd dirty weekend to him.

Quest: He never mentioned anything about your uniform?

Housewife: He always complimented me on it; he said he had a thing about nurses, being all prim and crisply dressed but taking enormous liberties with you. I think all our conversations must have been about sex – I can't remember talking about anything else.

Quest: So you went out with him?

Housewife: At first I thought he wouldn't ring, which only confirmed my worst suspicions, then he rang me on the ward one

afternoon – that didn't make me very popular with sister – and insisted on picking me up after work that evening. I told him I'd have to change but he kept saying he had to finish some work in my direction and he was passing the nurses' home. You can't argue on the ward phone so I agreed.

Quest: And he picked you up?

Housewife: He was parked outside the home waiting for me. Luckily I'd managed to tidy myself a bit before leaving. I asked him where we were going and he said it was just for dinner which seemed ridiculous to me wearing what I was, so I rushed into my room and pushed a change of clothes into a bag. And we were off.

Quest: To a restaurant?

Housewife: Well, no. First he dropped off something at someone's office and then I found myself outside a large block of flats, which was where he lived.

Quest: How did he explain that?

Housewife: He didn't try to; actually he was quite funny, he kept on about the superb dinner he had planned, the terribly exclusive service. It was all very corny, but no one pretended it wasn't. He made me forget what I was wearing, though.

Quest: And you went into his flat?

Housewife: There was a delicious smell of cooking as soon as we got in and I was starving anyway. He'd obviously had the meal in the oven for quite a while.

Quest: You didn't think you'd been set up?

Housewife: I made noises, but you can't object when someone obviously has gone to a lot of trouble. And I *was* interested in him. He plonked me down on the sofa straighaway, gave me a huge drink and we chatted while he got the dinner ready.

Quest: He made no attempt to leap on you?

Housewife: We made silly jokes, that was all. I'm sure, in fact. I know now it was mainly technique. He was just very pleasant, very amusing even through our meal, and afterwards we sat down for coffee on the sofa. I felt very relaxed, very easy – I even forgot about my uniform – I'd taken off my apron and cap anyway, and it was only when we started chatting about my job that I remembered how unexciting I must look in my button-up dress. As soon as I mentioned that he began enthusing about the uniform, saying how it made me look so much more feminine because it was stiff and starchy and very formal. And suddenly it was very sexy.

Quest: In what way?

Housewife: He was saying things like, 'Look at the way it makes your waist look so slim and nice' or 'It really makes your bust look interesting', which sounds stupid, I know, but he was touching me as he said it, just brushing me quickly, but I found my heart pounding madly. The next moment we were kissing and it all happened very quickly. I was really quite ready for him.

Quest: What actually happened?

Housewife: For a start his hand slipped straight under my dress, not roughly, but very gently stroking my thigh and then gradually faster and higher. By the time he'd reached the edge of my knickers we were sprawling the length of the sofa and his other hand was cupping my breast. It all sounds terribly crude and grabbing but I've honestly never felt as suddenly fruity as that – it was incredibly urgent, which can be beautiful sometimes. I think if I hadn't been on the pill I'd have attacked the door knob or something. He was lying practically on top of me and I could feel this great warm stiffness pressing against my thigh, which made it even worse for me, because I knew exactly what it looked like and there was no doubt why it was there this time. I think I really was a little bit mad. I remember tearing at his flies and I could hear myself moaning for him and he spent half his efforts pushing me off. Then he was kneeling half on the floor, half on the sofa, kicking his trousers and his pants off and I was lying in front of him, gazing at this great thing which emerged. Then he leaned forward and pulled me higher onto the settee and I was clutching at his bare thighs, but instead of lying across me he pulled my head forward onto his erection, and I found myself kissing and licking it, while he was unbuttoning the front of my dress and pulling my bra forward off my shoulders and squeezing and fondling my nipples. Then he jerked his erection away and I slumped back, practically shattered – I can't describe the waves of feeling – I honestly thought I might faint. It felt as if my thighs were liquid; and John was pushing his hands under my dress, dragging down my tights and my knickers in a bundle, and I began to wake up a bit and said, 'Let me do it,' because I wanted us to undress completely. But when I started to lean forward he pushed me back and wrenched off my tights in one movement, and growled, 'No, I can't wait; I want you as you are,' and he more or less launched himself on me. The suddenness of it was absolutely gorgeous. I remember clutching him to me and whimpering and his thing actually smacked against the inside of my thigh and then pushed straight into my lips and as deep inside as it would go. I think the shock of that brought me off almost at once. Then he was jerking in and out like something possessed. I'd never been so *abused* before; both the other men I'd known had been so gentle, almost apologetic. John was like a machine and I actually felt him come, right from the first spurt to the spreading warmth inside me. I think I cried out I came so beautifully.

Quest: But your relationship didn't continue as spectacularly?

Housewife: I suppose all the signs were there that it wouldn't from the beginning. In fact I stayed all night with him, and we made love once again when John was a bit more sluggish, but I didn't expect him to be perfect all the time. But in the morning I'd left him sleeping and got dressed in my uniform, because I was on early duty that week, when he crept up behind me in the living room and we had another spectacular session – from behind this time, actually.

Quest: And with you fully dressed?

Housewife: I had the most incredibly uncomfortable morning as a result and got some very odd looks from sister. Then I

QUEST

why you can't do without it

Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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M128

spent the weekend with him but he seemed to be losing interest somehow, but he promised to pick me up on the Monday, which made me feel more optimistic. But when he came to fetch me he wouldn't let me change again and I couldn't understand why he was so insistent. He kept making silly comments about playing 'doctors and nurses'. I remember saying, 'Look, what do you want, the uniform or me?' And he got very sulky and childish and drove off. He didn't phone after that. The last I heard of him was that he'd asked out another girl on my ward, but I don't think anything happened with her.

Quest: Did you object to him having this thing about the uniform?

Housewife: Well, yes. It would have been better if it had at least been *my* uniform that turned him on, but he was obviously willing to have a go at anyone in nurse's uniform.

Quest: Does your husband ever feel like that?

Housewife: No, thank goodness. I think he prefers me without any clothes at all. At least he acts like he does.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Musician, 27 years old, single, town of origin London**

This – male – interviewee became a session musician after leaving music school and has played on a number of records, both pop and classical. He is single and shares a flat with a girlfriend.

Quest: As a session musician you presumably are a stranger to the world of bands on the road and their encounters with groupies.

Musician: Not entirely. I've toured with a couple of bands as part of the backing group, but to be quite honest, the whole scene just pisses me off. Sure you get reasonable money touring, but I'd rather stay at home and earn less but work regularly.

Quest: So you work a regular week.

Musician: Oh no, it's not *that* regular. I might work, say on average two or three days a week. If things are really grim I take casual jobs to fill-in.

Quest: Such as.

Musician: Waiter, barman that sort of thing. I was even an orderly in a hospital once.

Quest: Where I gather, going from our earlier conversation, that you first became interested in nurses.

Musician: Not nurses as such, more the uniform. I thought they looked fantastic. I mean I was bumming about the wards cleaning up bedpans and wheeling people off to be cut open and there were these amazing visions in blue with white aprons floating around. I fancied them like crazy – even the ugly ones – because it was the uniform itself I was attracted to.

Quest: Can you say why?

Musician: I don't really know. The uniforms were very starched and rustled when the girls moved about which gave me a bit of a buzz, but I can't say why it should be nurses' uniforms as opposed to traffic wardens or bus conductresses. I've never been in hospital, touch wood, so I don't have any residual memories of cool hands soothing fevered brows or anything like that, though a mate of mine once claimed a nurse had wanked him off under the covers. I think it's probably just some personal foible.

Quest: But your interest presumably included those inside the uniforms.

Musician: Absolutely right. I mean you can't do much with just a uniform can you? I used to fantasise about actually having it off with a nurse in full regalia.

Quest: And did the fantasies materialise?

Musician: Eventually, but it took a lot of persuasion. I dated a couple of nurses. The first was a total wipe-out though. She was OK in bed, but she wouldn't put that gear on for love nor money. It was incredibly frustrating. I'd meet her from the hospital and there was this place where the nurses used to change right next door. So she'd come out in her uniform and then change into boring old street clothes. She thought there was something kinky about making it with your clothes on, so I dumped her when I met Hilary.

Quest: Hilary being another nurse.

Musician: Yes, though I didn't know it when I first met her. I picked her up in a pub which, though I didn't know it at the time, turned out to be a great nurses haunt. It only came out that she was a nurse after we'd been talking for a while. I asked if I could buy her a meal and she said she didn't want to be late as she was on an early shift the following morning. I said, 'What are you, a coal miner?' and she laughed and replied she was an angel, you know, like that TV programme.

Quest: So did you take her out?

Musician: Not that night, no, but I made a date to see her the following day. For afternoon tea, would you believe. Frightfully refined, eh what! She got off duty at four-thirty, you see. Turned out they worked all kinds of odd hours. There was that one from seven forty-five in the morning 'till teatime; another that started at the same time but finished at lunchtime. An evening one from lunchtime until ten in the evening and of course night shifts. They used to drive me round the bend, trying to alter my schedules so I could see her.

Quest: Sorry, we seem to have strayed. You were saying you took her out for tea.

Musician: Sorry, I got sidetracked. Yes, we went out and had tea then we went home and went to bed.

Quest: Just like that?

Musician: You sound like Tommy Cooper. We both fancied each other something rotten so it seemed the logical thing to do. We had our tea and then I asked her if she'd like to hear me play my piano, which is always a good line, so off we went, I toyed with the ivories and she toyed with me.

Quest: How so?

Musician: I got a blow job during a spirited rendition of something by the Doobie Brothers. I forget exactly what, but they were her favourite band, you see. She was a very forward young lady.

Quest: She sounds it. What exactly happened?

Musician: I was sat at the old joanna getting stuck into some tricky diminished chords and she was standing behind me. She was asking me what I thought about when I was playing on sessions and I was explaining that I fancied nurses. Then I asked her what she thought about when she was flicking pills down punters' throats.

Quest: What did she think about?

Musician: She said she fancied having it away on a stage in front of an audience. I laughed and asked her how she'd do it with me if I was on stage during a gig. She said she'd crawl under the piano, unzip my flies, get percy out and take it from there. I had this extremely funny mental picture of her doing that so I asked her to show me how she'd do it. I didn't really think she would, but she did. She crawled underneath the piano and surfaced between my legs, smiling up at me. I was still playing away while she started to stroke my cock through my jeans. It was amazing. She unzipped me and got it out. Then she started sucking it, running her tongue up and down it and fondling my balls too. As the saying goes, my flabber was gasted. I stopped playing and just watched her for a bit and then as I could feel myself coming I got hold of her head and pulled it down. I came almost at once. It was great. She looked up at me afterwards like this great sexy cat.

Quest: But she wasn't wearing her uniform during this episode.

Musician: True. She did finally, but it took some hefty persuasion.

Quest: Can you describe what took place when she did wear the uniform?

Musician: She lived in this nurses home and when a uniform was dirty, she'd take it back and pick up a fresh one. Now I was a very frequent visitor after hours. It wasn't allowed of course, but the security was a joke. Each of the girls' rooms had its own buzzer and entry-phone, so nobody would know if you sneaked in. You just had to keep fairly quiet. Anyway, one day I picked her up at lunchtime and we went and had a bite at a wine bar nearby. We got fairly tanked-up which was unusual; I think I might have been celebrating something or other, though I can't exactly remember what. Anyway, come closing time we were both feeling a bit randy, so I suggested going back to my place for an afternoon of nookie. As it happened, Hilary had an old uniform with her and didn't fancy carrying it around all afternoon, so she said we might just as well go back to the nurses' home.

Quest: And you agreed to this.

Musician: Yes. I mean it wasn't as if we'd never had it off there. In many ways it was nicer than my place. A lot smaller as it was only a bedsit, but much more nicely decorated. We turn up there, go in, and the first thing I see when I get in the room is this beautifully crisp, laundered uniform folded up on her bed. I had to ask her to put it on.

Quest: And her reaction?

Musician: Well she knew what I wanted to do because I'd brought it up before, but she didn't want to get her fresh rig out all

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THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement – the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erection. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23year olds added up to 1¼" in length and ¾" in girth. The 24 year old added 1" in length and just over 1" in girth. The 28s to 35s added between ¾" to 1" in length and between ½" and ¾" in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added 1½" to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added ¾" to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on ¾" in length and just over 1¼" in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already 6½" in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of ¾" means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of 4¾" (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to 5½". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by it's use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is £12.00 including postage. All orders are dealt with by return post.

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crumpled and wrinkled before going on duty.

Quest: Wouldn't the old uniform have sufficed?

Musician: She suggested that. It might have done I suppose, but you really can't know what was going on in my mind. Perhaps I'm explaining it badly. I wanted her to put on this lovely fresh virginal uniform and rod her bowlegged. I nagged and whined and sulked and in the end she agreed to do it. Brother, it was fantastic. She had the lot on. Little white hat, apron, the blue dress. Black tights – I could have done without them, but it was authentic. I pushed her back on the bed and stripped off before lying down beside her. The feel of that cool, crisp cotton against my bare body made me go up to attention in one second flat. I was running my hands over the clothes and french-kissing her and this made her start to respond, she started to pump me very slowly, I love that. Nice and slow and easy. I really wanted to tongue her to get underneath her skirt and feel it all around me. I took her tights off, she wasn't wearing pants, and started on her. She kept saying, 'That's enough, I'm going to come and I want you inside me, come on, give it to me, please, I'm dying for it.' But I was quite happy underneath her dress. I reached up and pulled her a bit apart so I could get at her better and then I just flicked gently with my tongue. She was going absolutely potty and in the end she lifted up her skirt, grabbed me by the hair, and hauled me out on top of her. She was scrabbling away at me trying to get it into her, but would you believe it, the bastard had gone soft. Like the fuzz, never around when you need one, right? Hilary was practically doing her nut with frustration and had a hand up frigging herself. She'd never ever done that before and the sight of her head bobbing up and down on me plus her feeling herself up did the trick in no time.

Quest: You rose to the occasion again.

Musician: You bet I did.

Quest: She was still dressed at this stage?

Musician: Oh yes, she just had the dress up around her waist. It was unbuttoned at the top, but the apron was covering that, so I just got the top of the apron over her head, you know, it's a sort of loop thing, so I could play with her tits. It was a ride and a half. She had her legs splayed out over the side of the bed, it was a single of course, and I was right up the middle going like a champion. When she came she screamed. A really loud scream. And that was about it. I was knackered.

Quest: And what was the aftermath?

Musician: The relationship itself went on for about another year, but we sort of drifted apart. Shame really. I quite miss her sometimes even though I do live with this girl now.

Quest: Another nurse?

Musician: No, she's in the music business like me. She knows about my thing with nurses' uniforms and has offered to hire one from a costumier, but it wouldn't be the same would it?

Quest: No way of telling. Many thanks.

Three **Student nurse, 20 years old, brunette, town of origin, Manchester**

This interviewee had entered nursing immediately upon leaving school, having done voluntary work for a six-month period prior to taking her A-levels.

Quest: When did uniforms first play an important part in your love life?

Student nurse: That makes me sound as though I've slept with dozens of men. It was never like that. I'm no virgin, but I didn't rush off to bed with every boyfriend.

Quest: I want to establish the first time uniforms figured in your sex life, that's all.

Student nurse: Well, if it comes to that it must be back at school. I used to be good friends with this girl, Mary, and I gradually got to be friends with her brother, John, who was older than I was. We started going out weekends and walking home after school together – he worked, but every alternate week he worked nights and he'd meet me after school. I suppose I was fifteen then. He was always trying to touch me and get me to touch him, but I don't like that.

Quest: Where was he trying to touch you?

Student nurse: He tried to get his hands inside my bra, then it was trying to get them inside my knickers. Silly stuff really now I think about it, but I suppose it's all part of life's rich tapestry. It was weird.

Quest: What was?

Student nurse: John used to get more excited when I was in my uniforms. We'd talk dirty and he'd tell me that he was going to screw me. But all the boys used to say that . . . what they wanted to do to me.

Quest: You mentioned uniforms – plural. What uniforms were they?

Student nurse: School uniform and the sort of uniform I had when I did my voluntary work. When I was in uniform it always seemed to be much more intense. Do you know what I mean?

Quest: Yes. How old was John? Quite a bit older than you I would imagine.

Student nurse: Four or five years I think.

Quest: Tell me of the first time you had 'uniformed' sex.

Student nurse: It was after school, the first time. Well, one day after school John met me and we went down to the local boating lake. We hired a boat and went out rowing. Oh, this is so silly . . .

Quest: Please continue.

Student nurse: It seems so childish now. So unromantic.

Quest: As you said, it's all part of life's rich tapestry. Go on . . . please.

Student nurse: OK. We went and tied up under this weeping willow, massive it was, and we started kissing and cuddling. He started giving me French kisses . . . I didn't like that at that age. If they're not done properly, then they're really yucky, and he didn't know how to do them properly. No one could see, but it was a notorious spot for canoodling couples. Everyone knew what the occupants of the boats were up to.

Quest: And what happened?

Student nurse: It wasn't sexy or anything. He started fondling me, kneading my breasts, you know. I don't see anything wrong in that. And then he lowered his hands to my knickers and brushed them with his hand, and all this time he was pushing his crotch at me, trying to get me to touch it.

Quest: His erection?

Student nurse: He had one all right, I could tell by the way he was bulging out at front. It was school-kid stuff really. He didn't seem that experienced. He mentioned though how he thought I was very sexy in my uniform, and pushed his hand up under my jumper and started undoing the buttons He got his hand inside and I manoeuvred round so that I could undo the clip of my bra – it was quite difficult really, trying to squirm about and keep the boat steady, though it was quite shallow just there. He eventually got his hands up and actually touching my boobs, but all he did was squeeze them at first. I told him not to be so rough and he started brushing my nipples. Then of course, one hand went down and he started rubbing me through my knickers and tights.

Quest: Did you do anything to him?

Student nurse: He was very excited, I could tell, and then he got hold of my hand and placed it on the bulge in his trousers. I just felt it through his jeans and then I undid his zip and took him out. He had the biggest I'd had up to then. He went wild, tore a hole in my tights and eased my knickers over, not off. It hurt at first because they cut into me there, but I eased them down slightly and he slid right in making me gasp for air. It's still a lovely feeling, the moment a man slides into you. My favourite feeling in fact. He was very slow at first, but as he pushed in harder, so the boat started to rock. It was awful for me. He told me that he loved the feel of the clothing and how the thought of actually making love to a girl with a uniform on made him so excited. It was pretty terrible for me. I couldn't get anywhere near an orgasm. He said he was coming and it was all over. I wasn't on the pill or anything and he hadn't used a sheath, so just before, he mumbled 'I'm coming, I'm coming', and pulled out and it went over my skirt. It was all yucky.

Quest: Did you keep on seeing John?

Student nurse: No, I gave him the boot shortly after that.

Quest: And when did uniforms enter your life again?

Student nurse: When I got a place at a teaching hospital. I got my A-levels and was accepted by a large provincial training hospital, seeing as how I'd done some voluntary work, it helped quite a lot. I started an SRN course. Actually, it was one of the first things we were told, how to avoid getting involved personally with the patients.

Quest: Did many nurses become involved?

Student nurse: Not really, you heard about one or two, but not with the patients really. There were a number of affairs with the doctors, but there was no suggestion about sex on the wards . . . I mean that's absolutely ludicrous. There might have been a few fumbles in the duty office and the occasional patient may try to put his hand

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up your skirt, but it's not common.
Quest: You earlier mentioned Patrick, tell me about him.
Student nurse: We met at a party we had at the nurses' home. He was a friend of another first-year nurse's boyfriend, a friend of a friend's friend, so to speak. And he asked me out. And as he was very good-looking, or I thought so anyway, I accepted. I suppose it also helped the fact that I was a bit lonely. The other girls were fine, but you can have too much of them, can't you?
Quest: Were you in the nurses' home?
Student nurse: No, I was going to, they prefer that, but Janet and myself – we met on the first day, decided that we'd get a flat together, and one of the other girls came in on it too. About four months after the start of our first-year course, we were able to move into a flat. It was good. Quite large, with a nice sitting room, large kitchen and three bedrooms, which meant that we wouldn't have to share. In fact, Janet made that one of the conditions. She had a fellow and she was getting it, I think, quite often and wanted a bit of privacy. I think her boyfriend shared with someone but they only had a one-bedroom flat. Anyway, we each had a room and a communal area.
Quest: Tell me about Patrick.
Student nurse: We went out a couple of times, and he was just like the others.
Quest: You mean he tried it on?
Student nurse: Yes. He was older though, and his technique was a lot better.
Quest: But you had sex with him.
Student nurse: Not at first. We went to bed together on our fourth date, I think it was. But he didn't mention anything about uniforms for a while after that.
Quest: Then how did it come up?
Student nurse: I was out with him one Saturday afternoon, and we parked at a meter and went and did a little shopping. When we got back, the meter had expired and there was a traffic warden writing out a ticket. And it was just a casual thing that Patrick said.
Quest: What?
Student nurse: I can't remember exactly, but the warden was standing over the car, having just written the ticket and Patrick went up and had words with her. It was to no avail though. The warden was very attractive, but not very flattering, her uniform wasn't. Patrick said something like, 'If she hadn't been so pretty and sexy in that uniform, I would have slugged her,' or something like that only with a few 'effs' in there somewhere. And I said 'Oh, you like girls in uniforms eh?' and he just went 'Ummmm, I should say so.' I said 'Well, I'll dress up sometime for you and I'll wear stockings and suspenders, you men like that don't you?'
Quest: What was his reaction?
Student nurse: He said something like 'Would you, really? Please.' but then it sort of petered out, as I don't think he really believed me.
Quest: And you were serious?
Student nurse: Not really. Well, sort of half-half. I couldn't see anything wrong in it. It's not as though it's perverted or anything, is it? But I thought for a minute then about John, I remember that now, and thinking that they must have been fruitcakes to get so worked up about uniforms. But I suppose it's not all that strange, is it?
Quest: Far from being fruitcakes, as you say, uniform fetishism is just one aspect of the human sexual response, and not as uncommon as you may think. But enough philosophising. Tell me how you actually came to dress up for Patrick.
Student nurse: I'd just been to the launderette and had brought back the washing. I'd washed my uniform myself – normally the hospital do everything, washing, ironing, laundering – it really fails me now to remember why on earth I had it at home. Anyway, Patrick came over while I was packing things away and he picked up the dress and said 'What's this?' I said it was the dress of my uniform and he asked me if I would dress up as I'd promised. I told him that maybe I'd do it some other time, but he insisted and badgered me into it.
Quest: You dressed up?
Student nurse: In everything, the stockings, fishnet ones, and suspenders, and my uniform and cap and overall, too, everything.
Quest: And it led to sex.
Student nurse: I didn't get dressed in front of him. He waited in the lounge and when I was ready I told him to come in. The other girls were out at the pub I think, anyway the house was empty apart from us. When he opened the door, I was bending over the bed, my bum in the air, pretending to see to a patient. I said 'What do you think?' All he said was 'Corr! You can give me a bed bath any day.' Something like that. And he came up behind me and put his arms round me and onto my breasts and started massaging them which made me feel quite nice and he moved in closer and I was aware of him pressing against my bottom. He felt so large and excited even then and there. I stepped forward a little, but he held me even tighter and started grinding his groin against me. Then his hands were inside my dress and he was working on the nipples which were standing out and I could feel myself gradually becoming excited, so I turned round very quickly and brought him to me and he began kissing me hard on the lips. And his tongue was forcing its way into my mouth. It seemed like a chameleon, as if he was half-way down my throat, I had to push him away because I was running out of breath. I was damp by then and I almost died when he moved his hand down there and just brushed me. It was lovely. I wasn't wearing knickers and he started to rub me, playing with my clitoris and practically sending me over the moon. He undid the top of my dress and released my breasts and hoisted up my skirt and got me to turn round again. I felt behind me and put my hand on the bulge in his jeans. I couldn't stop myself. I turned round again and unzipped him and practically tore off his undies and got quite a shock when his thing sprang up.
Quest: Why was that?
Student nurse: Well, we'd made love before, but mostly in the dark and I suppose it was that I hadn't seen it so exposed and visible before – and so fat. He's not over long but he's very thick and all I wanted then was to have him in my mouth, and taste him and then to have him come inside me. But he made me turn round again. As I struggled to get out of my dress, he grabbed me by the arms and said 'Don't, keep your uniform on, please.' I really didn't know quite what to do, I was so het-up. But I went along with him. I had my back to him and he had his arms round me and was tweaking my nipples and then he put his arm round the front of me and started running his finger around my vagina. I was so horny. He got me to stand by the bed and bend over it, resting my hands on the top and I almost screamed as I felt his thing slide down my bum and nudge at me. I put a hand there to guide him in. I almost died as he slipped it in and he held me tightly and I could feel him slapping at my bottom. He was pressing himself hard against me, and I thought that it wasn't me he was making love to this time, it was almost as though it was the uniform he was screwing. But I was too far gone by then and being done from behind like that is very very exciting, his penis was hitting all sorts of sensitive places and I was almost blacking out. All I could hear was the blood pounding in my head and all I could feel was his great cock, so hot, searing even, splitting me down there. In and out, in and out, God it was lovely. I even started talking dirty. And when he brought his hand round and started rubbing at my clitoris from in front I had the most beautiful, forceful orgasm I've ever had, and when I'd recovered he was still humping me and even though I was getting sore there I wanted it more and more. I didn't care, and then I felt him lock deep into me and at the same time I thrust downward as hard as I could and I felt him erupt like Krakatoa, and I felt this beautiful warmth flood into me, just like molten lava – so hot and wet. And afterwards we just lay on the floor exhausted, panting until he turned me over and went down on me and started teasing me with his tongue. And it wasn't long before I was worked up and ready again.
Quest: You sixty-nined?
Student nurse: I took his cock in my mouth and I could taste him, so lovely and manly and he started getting hard again. We played with each other until we both orgasmed again. I wouldn't let him come in my mouth though, and when he burst a second time he came all over my just laundered dress again.
Quest: Have you ever had such powerful sex since?
Student nurse: Patrick and I are engaged now, and I sometimes dress up for him in uniforms. Not only my nurse's uniform, but would you believe a brownie's. I got it from my sister who was going to throw it out. Whenever I dress-up, we have very powerful sex. But before Patrick, I'd never really thought what powerful turn-ons uniforms could be. Myself, I don't get anything out of it, but if Patrick does, then why not?
Quest: Thank you very much.

Rape of the Cucumbers

continued from page 90

drink. Crunched a piece of ice. The Sundance Kid. Paul Newman. He poured more Scotch.

'First Samantha. Then Sadie. Then you,' he said. That was stupid. She had taken off her blouse. Breasts proud. She was unzipping her shorts. 'A sex orgy,' she said.

'Sex orgy?' yelled Joe. 'When do we begin?'

'Now,' chorused Sadie, Samantha and Suzanne. Suddenly Henry saw that all the girls were naked. The seductive vision of such a profusion of curvy thighs, upturned breasts, rounded bottoms and pubic promiscuity held him transfixed.

Not Joe. He was ripping off his shirt. Laughing insanely the three girls rushed into the moonlit garden. Ripping off his pants Joe streaked after them.

Trembling, Henry put down his drink. Threw off his jacket. Fumbling with his shirt he fell over the coffee table. He lay among the debris of broken plates and glasses gasping like a beached whale. He struggled out of his slacks. Got to his feet tugging at his underpants, plunged into the garden. Reeled across the lawn heading for the sounds of joyous laughter coming from the vegetable patch.

He saw the huge leaves of his marrow plants heaving violently, glimpsed flashes of naked flesh. Joe and Samantha? Joe and Sadie? Joe and . . .?

Suzanne came towards him walking sedately as though modelling a gown. Cool. Elegant. Clothed in moonlight. She held out the bell-shaped male flower of a marrow.

'Look at the stamen,' she whispered. 'Erect. Are you erect Henry?'

Henry lurched forward to grab her. Missed. Stumbled and with gathering momentum staggered crabwise towards the fence. He crashed heavily among his tall tomato plants. Lay there rumbling with drunken laughter.

'Come an' get me girls,' he gurgled. 'Come an' get me!'

The sun woke Henry. It was well up in the sky, blazing cheerfully. An earwig scuttled across his nose. He brushed it away with revulsion, disturbing the foliage of shattered tomato plants. He closed his eyes. Scraps of recollection came. Panic! He scrambled to his feet. Clutching his torn underpants he stumbled on flat feet towards the house. Chaos.

He looked at the overturned coffee table. Picked his way on bare feet through scattered slices of ham and chicken and tongue and broken glass. Water. Water dripping from the ceiling. Water running down the wall. Soaking the carpet. There must be a burst pipe. A leak in the cistern. God, wasn't that what he'd told his wife? His wife! Shouldn't he have been back in town with her last night? God! Where was Joe? Sadie? Samantha? Suzanne? No sign of life.

Which of them had done it?

It was a conspiracy. He knew now that it had all been a conspiracy. A plot to pay him off for seducing Suzanne's stupid 16-year-old sister!

He flopped into a chair, flaccid. He was still there, staring vacuously at the water-logged ceiling when his wife arrived. He saw the horror on her face as she surveyed the debris, the meanness in her eyes.

'What's happened, Henry?' she demanded harshly. 'You told me about the leak you were going to have repaired. You didn't tell me what else you had in mind. What kind of an orgy have you had?'

'Orgy?' muttered Henry. Waves of panic convulsed his stomach.

'Come with me,' she said.

Henry scrambled into his blue and white check slacks. Crumpled now. Wet. He followed his wife across the lawn to the cucumber bed. The plants were flattened. The marrow bed was like a bomb site. His fine tomatoes were a write-off.

'What happened?' said his wife.

Henry looked across the fence to the cottage. It was shuttered. Uninhabited. It looked as though it had been uninhabited for months.

He followed his wife back across the lawn to the house. He stood in the living room facing her. Water splashing on his balding head. A shambles.

'What happened?' She wanted the explanation that he could never, never give.

Henry's huge stomach shook in silent anguish. Tears of mortification trickled down his cheeks.

'They – they castrated my cucumbers,' he sobbed.

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UNA

It's perhaps a source of regret that those of us who are not only fanciers of the female form but also devotees of the noble game of cricket will never be subjected to the potentially mind-boggling experience of listening to the cultured and informed tones of John Arlott and E W Swanton describing the stately progress of 20-year-old Una Lyle towards her maiden Test century at Lords. For 36–22–35 Una is one of those rarest of rare breeds: a girl who not only enjoys cricket, but actually plays it too. 'Though not all that regularly,' she laughs. 'I did while I was at school, and I've turned out in the annual old girls' match, but that apart, I've only played in a couple of fun games at college. I would quite like to play more often and although I know there are several

ladies' teams, I don't really have the time available to turn out on a regular basis. About four or five games a season would be my limit. Anyway,' adds Una modestly, 'I'm no great loss because I'm not that good. Enthusiastic yes, skilled . . .' she grins, 'well, that's open to argument.' Unusually perhaps, bearing in mind that they tend to be a haven for hockey and netball buffs, Una learnt her cricket while at school. ('And if you think I'm going to tell you which one after all that brouhaha about that girl you had from Cheltenham, you can think again. Anyway, my sister's there at the moment, so I couldn't really. It wouldn't be fair on her.') 'I opened the batting.' says Una, 'and my highest-ever score was 43. I was so looking forward to getting a fifty, but I saw my total on the score-board, got nervous and lost concentration. There was this girl bowling donkey-drops and I took this huge great swipe, head in the air, and was bowled. If you think I was cross, you should have seen the games mistress. You'd have thought she'd caught me having

it off with one of the boys from the village behind the sight-screen. I thought she was going to have a fit. "You lifted your head" she kept saying like it was the eighth deadly sin – which I suppose on reflection it is, from a cricketing viewpoint.' Though now not so actively involved, Una, who lives in London's Maida Vale, pays regular visits to nearby Lords and also to the Oval. 'Boyfriends never fail to be amazed by the fact that I do like cricket,' she laughs, 'but I must admit that part of its appeal is not unconnected to the fact that the bars are open all through the day. The times I like best though are when the Aussies and the West Indies tour because the atmosphere at their games is always great. Whoever said crowd humour is confined to football doesn't know what he's talking about.'

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

we heard the first rhythmic creak from upstairs. At first it was embarrassing and we tried to ignore it. Then it became funny. As it went on getting louder and faster it was exciting and it went on for so long and with such increasing clamour it was incredible. It was fourteen minutes past ten when we heard Jenny's unmistakable cries and with a final, even more vigorous crescendo, we heard brother's gruff moans and all was still.

I was sopping wet, shaking with excitement and I nearly climaxed with them. It was such an incredible performance I thought they must be pulling our legs.

We survived that, scarcely daring to speak to each other and we got back to our jigsaw. By half past ten it had started again – quieter and slower (we thought Jenny was on top). He must have been very provocative because three minutes later there came the tell-tale surge of activity and muffled groans and it was over again.

We just survived that too. Bob got up and made us cocoa and we were sitting on the floor having a good night snog when it started again. I yielded first. I reached around Bob and I found him with a hard-on the size of a chair leg. I undid his flies, and as he pushed his pants down his great beautiful ugly erection sprang out. I was on my feet in a second, my skirt and pants were on the floor, and I was begging him to love me. I couldn't wait. I went down, crouching clumsily astride him, and I felt him dividing me.

He came right up, bursting into me. We hardly moved. I knew Bob was trying to hold back, and I knew I couldn't. I was shaking like a leaf, I could scarcely breathe, and we just clung to each other. Far from the fourteenth minute marathon upstairs, it took us three suppressed surges, a couple of gasps and turmoil broke loose in my belly.

I was clenching helplessly at his hardness and I felt the answering pulsations inside me. We came and came and came. Bob had to hold me up or I'd have collapsed. We were in such a rush that I still had on my floppy sweater, T-shirt, bra and woolly socks when we finished, and the racket upstairs was rushing to another climax. Although Bob had come so strongly, he said he felt he'd turned something inside out, his erection hadn't subsided, and we just clung to each other until we drifted slowly back to earth. It was unbelievably comforting to feel his hard bulk and his warm flood filling me again.

The next morning Jenny told me about the orgy they'd had the night before. She did so in every minute detail and she said she was still having spasms in her womb, and couldn't stop thinking about it. She'd been so high, she hadn't come back down.

I've often wondered during the 'want - it - to - go - on - forever - stage' of love-making if there is a state beyond orgasm, and what would happen if it did go on and on. I believe that there is such a state and Jenny was there.

In fact, ten days later, I went with her to a consultant. His diagnosis was, essentially, too few interests, too much sex, and a husband with too big an appetite and unusual staying-power. In layman's terms, as Bob put it, she'd really been fucked stupid. Beware.

Mrs R McK, Perthshire

Congratulations on your efforts in producing Vol 12 No 5. I believe photographing nudes, and being photographed, must be highly stimulating. And, for the first time this month in one of your photos, I notice signs of moisture where it matters most. Please tell me if I'm right or not.

E L, Staines, Middx

Not for us to comment, you may have been reading it in the bath.

Just like Ali, you are the greatest, especially pictorially, where tasteful turn-ons is the motto. Just one reservation though – more a plea than a criticism. Can't we see more mature models, one every two months or so, not to the exclusion of all those young, just-hatched beauties?

The following might seem a digression but it has a good point to it.

A few years ago I met a truly super bird I'll call Kit. I was doing seasonal work at a holiday camp, she was a barmaid there. We discovered rapport from the first chat-up, and it

turn to page 109

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LETTERS

continued from page 107

turned out she was a dancer recovering from a slipped disc. Kit admitted to being twenty-eight but I would estimate she was thirty-three – slender, short blonde hair, classic face. By the end of the summer we had saved enough to shack-up for the winter.

The first week we only went out twice. Kit had fabulous boobs, much bigger than I had at first thought. They weren't so big as to be grotesque, but in contrast to her slim lithe and trim body – sheer magic, dynamite. I'm not a voyeur, but I must confess to spending hours just watching Kit. She responded to my admiration, striking pose after pose until good old randiness got the better of art appreciation, with inevitable results.

We went our different ways the following year. Kit got an offer to dance in the Middle East, but I can still see her, if I shut my eyes.

The point I wish to make is that Kit's naked body had as much character as her face. Any bloke who *appreciates* women as well as just screwing them will understand. *Mayfair* girls are great but they *are* girls.

This is a grovelling plea to accept the challenge of finding some 'grown-up' ladies who've lived a little. I suspect many fellers like me would find them very appealing, and the odd stretch mark or worry line would be small price to pay for the interest and character of older women.

E C, Honington, Suffolk

It gives me great pleasure to see photos of girls with large breasts – for example the beautiful Barbie Jane in Vol 8 No 5. Truly, she has the most beautiful of breasts – a joy to look at in any pose. I find the bigger the breasts the better.

If only you could adorn your magazine with ladies like Madeleine Smith and Liz Frazer, Valerie Leon, to mention just a few, showing their breasts in some unusual poses, what a joy that would be. I am married to a girl with large breasts. My wife has a thirty-nine inch bust, but she takes a delightful DD cup. Her breasts are like big firm melons and her nipples are large. This is indeed one of my reasons for wanting her for my wife.

So please try to give us many more photos of such ladies. Young or old, who cares when their breasts are large?

T L, Leicester

A letter from a reader who related his experience as a student with the husband and wife he boarded with prompts me to tell my own story. In this case I was the husband and the youth was my wife's lover.

About two years ago, after twenty years of marriage, my wife and I began swinging. I was, at that time, an office manager and we had two teenage children away at college and our youngest son, who was eight, at home.

Hella, my wife (not her real name), is German and at thirty-nine is still a shapely, voluptuous woman with good breasts and legs. Most of the swapping parties we attended were with similar couples, and I had a particularly good session with a brunette of about my wife's age. Her husband was in a top job and we started visiting them often. One day the other couple looked solemn when we arrived and after cocktails and small talk they came to the rather serious point. Their only son, who had just turned seventeen, boarded at a college near our home; he'd always been a headstrong lad but now he'd made a girl pregnant. Our friends had arranged an abortion. They asked if we'd take the lad into our house to keep him out of trouble.

So, we accepted Phil into our home and into our lives. He was a young charmer and made a big hit with Hella by presenting her, when he arrived, with a big bouquet of flowers. She began to teach him German and they often laughed about her Marlene Dietrich accent. 'I can just see you in that *Blue Angel* outfit, Hella,' grinned Phil, 'Top hat, stockings and suspenders.'

'Get away with you,' laughed Hella, 'stockings and suspenders indeed – my legs are too fat for that.' It was all just good fun, all so natural. I was completely blind. That was until the day I came home early to find my marriage in ruins. There'd been a gas leak at the office and we'd gone home early. I was home by 2.30.

They hadn't heard me. The door of Phil's room was ajar. They were on his narrow bed.

turn to page 112

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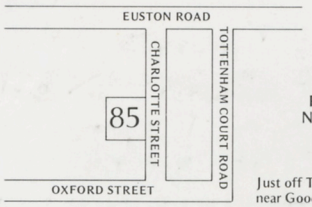

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